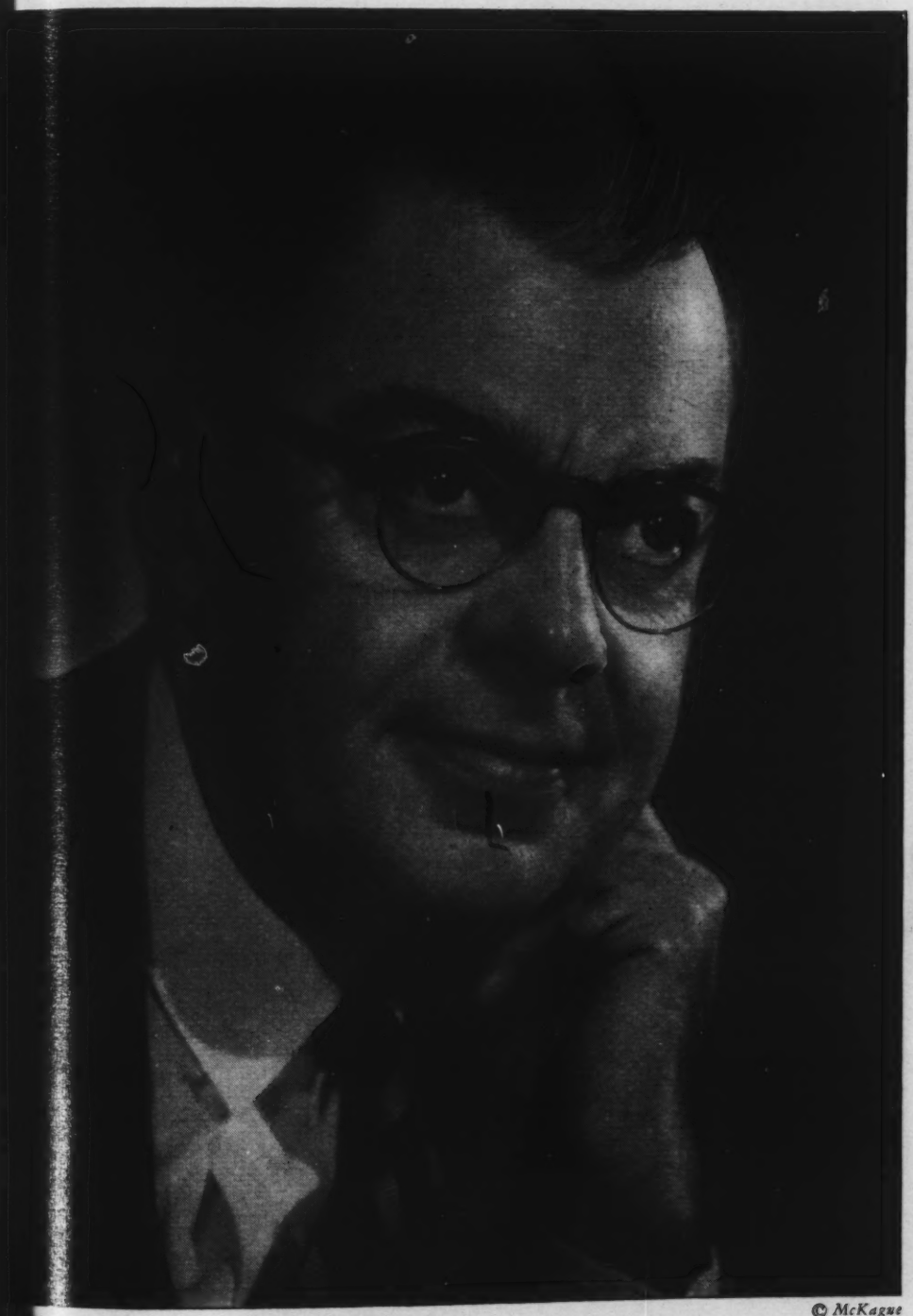
Saturday Night

ctober 30, 1954 • 10 Cents



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THE HON. PAUL MARTIN: Health, foreign and domestic. (Page 4).

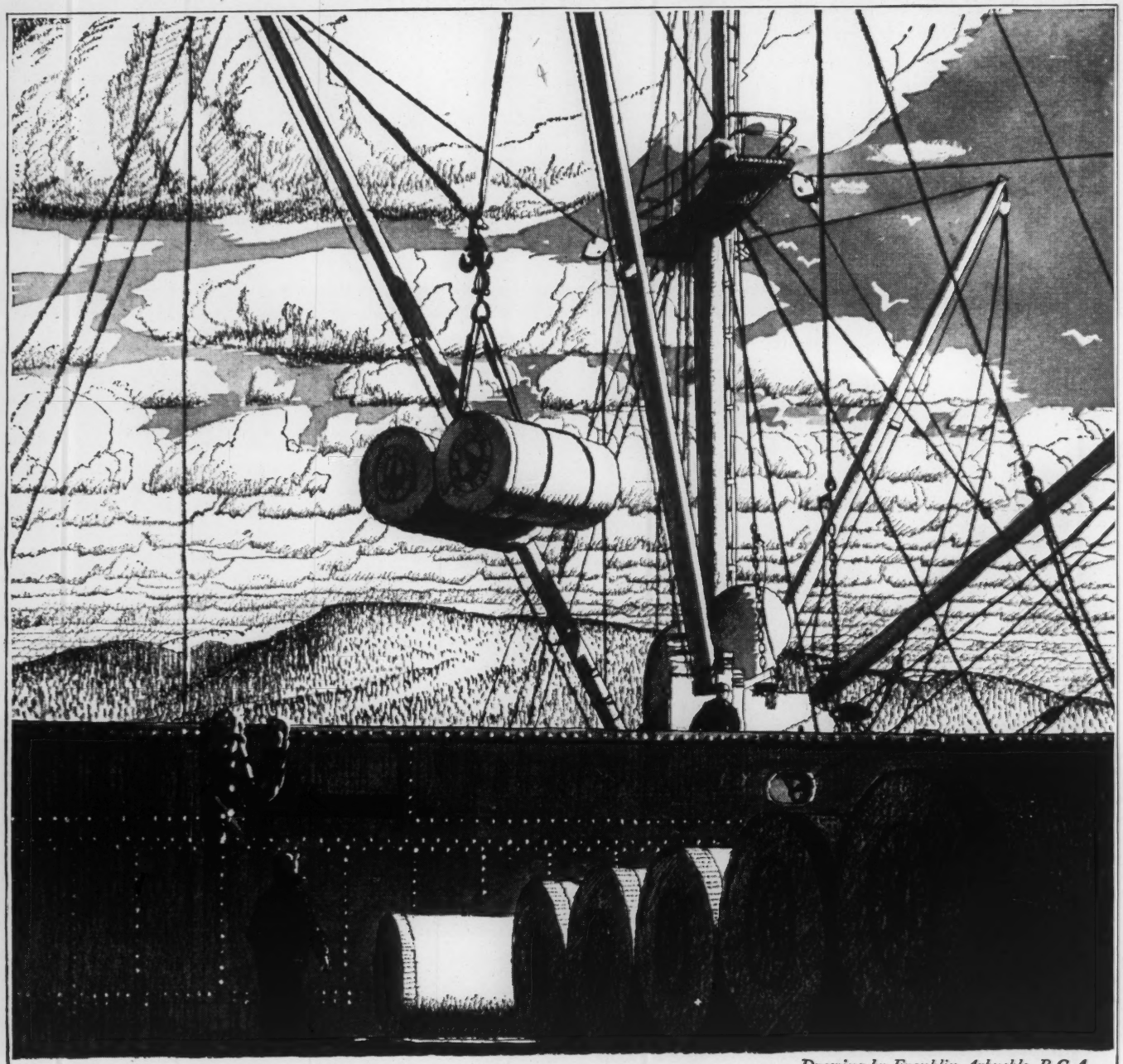
The Front Page

As Lord Beaverbrook prepared to leave England for Canada the other day, most British newspapers were chanting the praises of the United Kingdom's Foreign Secretary, Anthony Eden, who had saved the military defence of Western Europe from collapse by promising that British troops would stay on the Continent. But the Beaver was not joining in any paean. For him it was the bitter recognition of defeat.

"I am leaving for Canada and the West Indies, where I will stay for the winter," he said. "Forty years ago I came in high hope and with great enthusiasms to help in the work for a united empire. I go in gloom and sorrow. The empire is now being liquidated and the British people don't care."

The admission that the British Empire had fallen apart must have been particularly painful for Beaverbrook, because of his previous refusal to acknowledge that the dissolution of Britain's imperial power had not only begun but was almost complete more than two decades ago. If the British people don't care now, it is because they realize, even though they may be

AFRICA IN THE BALANCE
By Peter Abrahams: Page 7



Drawing by Franklin Arbuckle, R.C.A.

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131 MILLS, SMALL AND LARGE, FROM COAST TO COAST

PP-44

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

reluctant to admit it openly, that their Empire ceased to exist in the years between the two world wars and that it is now little more than a pleasant memory —a sentimental fiction treasured by those who prefer to ignore the unpleasant history of the past quarter-century.

Lord Beaverbrook, a quarter-century late with his requiem for the British Empire, could have been as topical as tomorrow's newspaper if he had made the Commonwealth the cause of his gloom. In Canada it is customary to speak in reverent tones of the Commonwealth, and anyone brash enough to suggest that only a vague loyalty to the Crown holds the hodgepodge of so-called British nations together is considered to be an unspeakable cad.

Nevertheless, the Commonwealth is showing signs of coming apart at the seams under the double pressure of political determination and geography. More of the dominions will become republics, and even those clinging to the Crown will have little more than the royal connection to link them with the United Kingdom. Australia, for example, now must look to the United States for leadership in Pacific defence. Meanwhile, Britain finds herself committed indefinitely in continental Europe, and back of the Churchill administration's decision there may well have been a reluctant recognition of the impermanence of the present loose alliance known as the Commonwealth of Nations.

The Austere Curtain

IN THE KREMLIN recently supplemented its drive against alcoholism with a state crusade against cigarettes. This is supposed to be part of a campaign of purity intended to strengthen the people of the USSR against the blandishments of the decadent West.

An austerity program, which always tends to hamper social and business communications, can be a formidable weapon, and eventually the West may be in the baffling position of the business man who offered a prospective customer a drink. "I don't drink," was the reply. "How about a smoke?" "I don't smoke." "Then for heaven's sakes, have a piece of pie."

Shoemaker

IN COMMUNIST cobblers are not likely to be throwing the western market into a tizzy for quite some time, we were happy to learn the other day. Our informant was Thomas Bata, head of the Western Bata Organization, which keeps more than 50,000 people in 32 factories scattered through Western Europe, Asia, and the Americas busy turning out 70 million boots, shoes and other kinds of footwear each year.

The Front Page

"A few years ago we were competing with shoes made in the factory the Communists stole from us," he said. "But we meet few of them now. A diplomat who was in Czechoslovakia recently told me the factory there is pretty badly run down." He left Czechoslovakia, where the Batas had been making footwear since 1620, and came to Canada 15 years ago, when he was 25. Five years later he was a Canadian citizen and had built not only a new factory but a community (Batawa, Ontario) to go with it.

Making shoes is a combination of science and art, we learnt. "National customs, as well as styles, must be studied,"

THOMAS BATA: Art and science.

Mr. Bata said. "Different nations have different kinds of feet. North American women have longer narrower feet than European women. Moslems like shoes they can kick off easily—they go unshod into mosques. In countries where the people have gone barefoot for generations, there is a bigger spread between the toes."

"For style, the Italian designers are the Diors of the feminine shoe business," Mrs. Bata, a comely native of Switzerland, told us. "They lead with tapered, sleek lines. They have a preference for the barefoot look—no back, one or two straps across the front—and the T-shape, with a narrow strap above the heel. Good designs are now being produced in North America, too, with shoes becoming more graceful, more shapely, in a remarkable range of colors."

"Speaking of colors," Mr. Bata said, "the day of the staid black and brown for men may be over in North America. Englishmen are still very conservative about their footwear, but the North American is turning more and more to lighter shoes with more variety of color. Subtle tans, charcoal, greys and blues are becoming very popular."

On the way back to our office we spotted only three pairs of shoes that varied from the orthodox black and brown. Either Toronto is still conservative at ground level or the city's smog plays hob with subtle colors.

Return to Nature

WE SEEM to spend a lot of time, energy and money to do the things our grandparents toiled to be free from. Sixty years ago the great urge was to get off the land and retire to the city, to get rid of the cesspool, the pump and the outdoor privy and enjoy the urban sewer-system, the gleaming taps and flush toilets. Now everyone sees suburbia as paradise. We take our taps and our toilets with us, of course, but the sewer is not so easily transported. Thus a Dr. Abel Wolman of Johns Hopkins University can report gloomily that more inadequate sanitary facilities have been installed in the last ten years than were removed in the last half century. "We have gone back to 1890," he says. What a boon this will be to the fiction writers who dote on primitive themes! How long will it be before *From the City to the Cesspool* hits the best-seller lists?

Wasted Effort

IT IS ODD that in none of the proposals recently for relieving the shortage of teachers in Canada is there any suggestion that the teachers already available are, in many cases, being wasted. Yet there are hundreds of men and women on the staffs of Canadian high schools who spend their time instructing girls how to use stoves and washing machines and boys how to use saws and grease-guns—a shocking misuse of trained manpower.

Not only is the teacher being wasted, but an enormous amount of money is tossed away by school boards each year on equipment, the main purpose of which is to justify the existence of unnecessary subjects on the curricula. All sorts of electrical appliances and furniture are bought, simply to teach girls the jobs that are better learnt at home—setting a table, cooking a meal, washing clothes and sweeping a floor. And the girls spend the rest of their lives reading tripe and nagging their husbands because they can't keep house without all the expensive gimmicks they had at school. The boys who have fiddled with bits of machinery in the name of education go out into the world to swell the pool of unskilled labor, capable of some simple do-it-yourself jobs but incapable of using the most important

The Front Page

tool available to them, language, in anything more than a rudimentary way.

Members of school boards and provincial departments of education appear to be hypnotized by the gadgets of so-called vocational education. It's high time they snapped out of it. When they do, they will realize how much teaching time and public money have been frittered away on the turning out of half-baked housewives and halt-weaned apprentices.

Fur in the Mouth

IT MUST be more than a generation since false teeth gave way to movable dentures—a generation which has seen an increasing tendency to muck up the language by substituting soft, fat phrases for lean, muscular words. One of these days, no doubt, a more elegant bit of jargon will be found to replace "movable dentures", but we do not think it will be the expression contrived by a dentist of our acquaintance who is suggesting to some of his patients that they need "oral rearmament".

Books in Canada

WEARY FROM efforts to do our bit for Eat-a-Salami Week and National Write-a-Letter Week, we were only mildly interested when a message reached our desk to inform us that National Book Week would be held this year from October 30 to November 6. But a letter we got from Joe Holliday, chairman of NBW, perked us up considerably. During Book Week last year, Mr. Holliday noted, the question was asked, "Is Book Week the right treatment for our literary anaemia?" This question was answered, he thought, by "the editors of this country's monthlies, weeklies, and dailies, and the directors of its radio and television programs", because "63 newspapers carried 133 Book Week items last year, 16 magazines printed Book Week stories, and 19 programs were given to some aspect of Book Week". Then came the clincher: "Now we are asking you for another transfusion for the Canadian literary bloodstream".

If press clippings are the red corpuscles of our literary life, we'd feel like a murderer if we failed to keep the blood count what it should be. So we hastened to get in touch with Mr. Holliday, who, besides being an editor for Imperial Oil, produces the *Dale of the Mounted* series for juvenile readers.

"It's a united effort by the Canadian Authors, Book Publishers, Retail Booksellers and Library Associations," Mr. Holliday said. "There's no way of measuring how successful it is, but we feel that it helps to bring books to the attention of the public. It helps people to think about books and the pleasures of reading—all books, of course, but we'd be happy if they thought first about Canadian books. Actually, conditions are getting better for Canadian authors each year, with more books being written and more sold."

A publisher we spoke to agreed with Mr. Holliday, in a gloomy sort of way, but we got from him an admission that, in Canada at least, the world's worst job of merchandising was being done with books. It is true that the book business is a small one, in terms of dollar volume, and profit margins are so meagre that even in the largest Canadian cities few stores can exist merely on the sale of books.

Herb Nott

JOE HOLLIDAY: A transfusion.

There are, too, all sorts of problems of distribution, due to big spaces and small population. Nevertheless, if as little enterprise were shown by Canadian writers as by the people who sell the books they write, there would not even be the beginnings of a Canadian literature.

Divided Attention (*Cover Picture*)

WHEN THE Council of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization meets in Paris late next month, one of the matters to be considered will be the resignation of NATO's secretary-general, Lord Ismay, who had wanted to quit the job last Fall but was persuaded to hang on for another year. The leading candidate for the post appears to be Lester Pearson, Canada's Minister for External Affairs; he has been prominently mentioned in reports from Paris and London, and has given no indication that he looks with disfavor on the prospect of becoming the new secretary-general. It's a three-year appointment, pays $40,000 a year (tax free) and has a $10,000 pension attached.

If Mr. Pearson goes to NATO, his successor is likely to be the present Minister of Health, Paul Martin. Mr. Martin has done a great deal of work at sessions of the United Nations, and he has shown himself to be as much interested in international health as in some of the matters entrusted to his Department.

No matter what happens to Mr. Pearson, Mr. Martin will have to make up his mind (or help to make up the mind of Prime Minister St. Laurent) about his division of duties. If the Minister of Health is to continue as a ready substitute for the Minister for External Affairs, he must share some of his responsibilities with other members of the Cabinet. One of these days the Government must face up to the issue of national health insurance; the policy of research grants must be clarified; and civil defence, a responsibility of the Department of Health, is in a ghastly mess because not enough thought has been given to it at the Federal level. These, and other matters, are enough to keep the Minister of Health busy enough so that he simply cannot afford the time to speak for Canada in the debates of the United Nations.

Bad Public Relations

ONE OF THE curious compulsions of governments and other bodies spending large amounts of the public's money is to hire all sorts of people to keep the public "informed" and properly appreciative of the generosity, thoughtfulness and devotion to duty of the spenders. How fantastically extravagant this kind of thing can be is currently being demonstrated by the Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission, which now employs 104 persons in a "public relations" department with a budget of $996,314 for this year.

The revelation of this shocking extravagance was made by a Hydro official, who apparently was not in the least ashamed of the disclosure. There may have been some hint of apology in his explanation that the money spent on public relations amounted to less than one per cent of Hydro's revenue, but it will take a lot more than statistical sleight-of-hand to explain away the lavishing of nearly one million dollars on an overblown staff of publicity men.

A certain amount of advertising is necessary for any organization like Ontario Hydro, but public confidence in the way the organization is being run is not built on the amount of publicity put out by paid apologists; it can find a solid foundation only on the conduct of the public's employees—in the case of Hydro, everyone from the chairman to the linemen and clerks.

All Hallow's Eve: Vigil of All Souls'

Pagan Customs Survive in Modern Merry-Making

Prints from The Bettmann Archive

SNAP APPLE NIGHT: A LITHOGRAPH BY CURRIER AND IVES

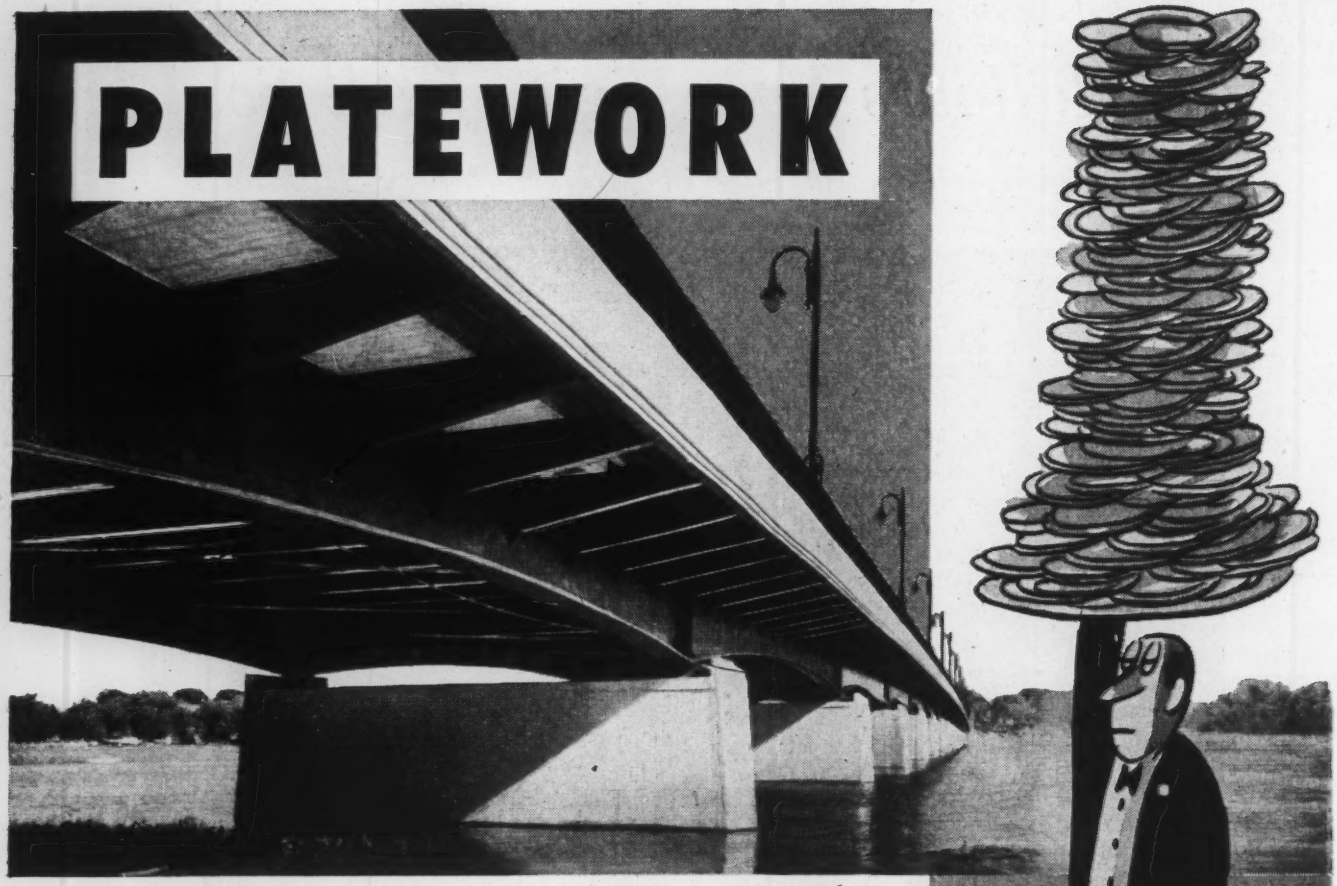
This print shows the traditional pastimes, including the hazardous apple-and-lighted-candle trick. All sorts of divinations and spells were practised with apples and nuts on this night.

THE PUMPKIN EFFIGY: AN 1867 ENGRAVING

All Hallow's Eve, Snap Apple Night, Nutcrack Night, the Vigil of Samhain, Hallowe'en: there are as many names for the night of October 31 as there are legends and superstitions connected with it and contributing to its celebration today. It was the Feast of Pomona to the Romans when gifts of fruit, nuts and corn were laid on the altars of the goddess as thanksgiving for a bountiful harvest. The Druids lit great bonfires on this night when Samhain, the Lord of Death, called up the souls of the wicked. In the Middle Ages it was a witches' Sabbath and the covens met out-of-doors for dancing, singing and feasting with their familiars all night long. The children who today come round in costume asking "treat or trick" are carrying out a custom, still common a hundred years ago, of going from door to door begging for a "soul-cake".

DIPPING FOR APPLES: AN 1887 WOODCUT

PLATEWORK



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Africa May Tip Balance For the Free World

By PETER ABRAHAMS

IN JUNE OF 1952 I sat on a hill with Jomo Kenyatta. The sun was shining. I had just flown up to Kenya from South Africa. In the Union I had talked with the leaders of the African National Congress who were then putting the finishing touches to their plans for the Campaign of Defiance of unjust laws.

It all seemed very peaceful that afternoon in Kenya as I sat with Kenyatta: not a fraction as ominous as I had found the atmosphere in the Union. Kenyatta's eyes roamed restlessly across the sweeping and utterly beautiful land. Then he suddenly turned to me and spoke with deep passion:

"Of course I'm bitter! These people think they are gods here . . . I tell you, I'm bitter, man!"

A few months later that peaceful land exploded into the violence of the Mau Mau blood-bath.

A year later, in August, 1953, I sat with Kwame Nkrumah, Prime Minister of the Gold Coast, in his office in Accra. Nkrumah seemed relaxed and sure of himself. He had ridden the storm triumphantly and had proved himself an able statesman. Again, as a year earlier in Kenya, the sun was shining. As we parted Nkrumah's eyes flashed and the now famous smile lit up his face.

"We'll make this thing work," he said.

I mention these two men because they have become symbols of the two aspects of British policy in Africa. I knew them both in England. They were friends of mine and of each other. In those far-off days in England Kenyatta was president of the Pan-African Federation and Nkrumah was secretary. The Pan-African Federation acted as the co-ordinating body for the nationalist movements in the various parts of Africa. It is an ironic fact that of the two men Kenyatta was by far the more moderate, the more humorous and the more "reasonable" in those days; Nkrumah was the more fire-eating agitator. Today Nkrumah is the "golden-haired boy" of British Africanists, and Kenyatta is the arch-villain. To understand the reasons for this, it is necessary to understand the two aspects of British policy in Africa today.

The declared aim of British policy is to help and guide the peoples of her dependent territories towards self-government as smoothly, peacefully and quickly as possible. And where she could, she has done just this. Thus, when Nkrumah arrived back in the Gold Coast and trouble started, Britain quickly set up a Royal Commission and then gave the Gold Coast a new constitution that carried Nkrumah from prison to the Prime Minister's office. And in Sierra Leone and the Gambia she introduced constitutional changes before there was any agitation for such changes. Here, in these territories, the declared aims of British policy are being carried out. It is important that critics of British colonialism should know this. This is a creative aspect of British colonial policy and one that Britain is justly proud of.

The problem in these territories has passed the point of being a conflict between Britain on the one hand and the nascent nationalist movements on the other. Instead, now, the problem has become one where Britain and the more far-sighted among the Africans are working together to transform these territories into modern, efficiently run, democratic states. The leaders of the Gold Coast have already begun to realize that this is a much harder task than wresting power from the Colonial Office and are therefore more appreciative of the skilled assistance of the British civil servants working with them.

Nkrumah has every reason to be relaxed, confident and unembittered. He has members of the best, the least corrupt and the most devoted civil service in the world to help him guide his country and his people out of the old tribal past into the modern technological present of the 20th century.

Nigeria, too, will soon have self-government and a Federal Parliament. The reason why things have moved with comparatively greater ease in the Gold Coast than in Nigeria has largely to do with the size and populations of the two countries. The Gold Coast has a population of under five millions and an area of 91,842 square miles. Nigeria, on the other

Miller Services

JOMO KENYATTA, one-time president of the Pan-African Federation, alights in handcuffs from an open truck to appear at the Mau Mau trials in Kenya.

Peter Abrahams, a native of South Africa and now living in London, is the author of the recently published Tell Freedom.

hand, has an area of 372,674 square miles and a population of thirty-one millions. Sheer size and numbers, as well as vast untapped resources, make Nigeria the potentially dominant country on the West Coast of Africa. The danger in Nigeria is that the tribal divisions might lead to a breaking up of the country. The Northerners are Muslims who are suspicious and fearful of the Southerners. There are also deep divisions between the two great nation-tribes, the Ibo and the Yoruba. But here, too, Britain is living up to her declared aims. Instead of exploiting the disunity in the country to perpetuate her rule, she is the peacemaker between the hostile tribal factions. She has brought them together at the conference table and helped to lay the foundations for the birth of a great nation.

The other aspect of British policy—British policy in multi-racial Africa—is one of sad failure. I think that responsible people at the Colonial Office in London would privately admit the failure of British policy in multi-racial Africa. But it is the same group of people who are carrying out a policy of creative abdication so successfully in West Africa who are failing in East and Central Africa. Why the signal success in one place and tragic failure in another?

The reason is not that Kwame Nkrumah behaved in a more gentlemanly manner than Kenyatta. Nkrumah's bid for power began with rioting and looting in Accra on a scale that has not taken place in Nairobi to this day. The reason is to be found in the simple fact revealed in the only census so far taken in Kenya, which was in 1948. This showed that of a total population of 5½ million, 29,660 were Europeans who had settled in Kenya and made it their home. And the 29,660 white settlers, just over 5 per cent of the total population, supply the real reason for Britain's inability to respond as creatively to Kenyatta's bid for power as it has done to Nkrumah's.

In Kenya, as elsewhere in multi-racial Africa, the white settlers enjoy economic, political and social privileges on a level unknown to any minority in Europe since the industrial revolution. When they first went to Africa they took the science and technology of a modern culture with them.

They supplied the know-how and the Africans supplied the labor. And in the process of acquiring their vast farms and factories and building their beautiful houses, they had done much for the health and welfare of the Africans. They had brought order, good government and education in their train.

On the personal level they had encountered a culture alien to them, weaker and less creative than their own. So they had erected social barriers. The Duke and the dustman do not have social intercourse; neither the Duke nor the dustman would find it particularly pleasant. But they saw this as a fixed position. Given this outlook on the part of the white settlers, the color bar is reasonable, Dr. Malan's *Apartheid* is logical. Just a few days ago Sir Godfrey Huggins, who is no South African Boer but the Prime Minister of the new British Central African Federation, stood up in the Federal Assembly and declared flatly: "There is going to be inequality and differentiation; to pretend there is not is to deceive everybody . . ."

The difficulty of the white settlers is

KWAME NKRUMAH: *Prime Minister of the Gold Coast; once a rebel.*

clear. From the coastal tip down in Cape Town to the northern borders of Kenya they number somewhat less than three millions. And around them are between thirty and forty million Africans, at various stages of development in the great transition from the tribal past into the technological present. To concede political, economic and social equality to even the comparatively small minority of Africans who have successfully made the cultural transition would be like breaching a dyke that would ultimately swamp them. The democratic form of government by the will of the majority, would, if practised, end their position of power and privilege; and so out of motives of self-interest they reject the democratic concepts. The implications of this rejection are most clearly seen in the Union today. I am convinced that if present trends are not reversed the crisis that now faces the Union will face Kenya, Tanganyika and Central Africa in the next ten to twenty years' time. The crisis is more acute in the Union today only because the Union is the oldest and most developed of the multi-racial countries in Africa.

All over multi-racial Africa today the blacks are challenging the white settlers' decree that they must always be inferiors in the general scheme of things. They are caught up in the great stream of national awakening that flows strongly everywhere in the world today. In South Africa the blacks have so far conducted their struggle with a dignity and morality that has won the admiration of the world. In Kenya the Mau Mau blood-bath, with its intention of driving the whites out, is still on. But I am convinced that all this is no more than a prelude to the coming showdown in the not so distant future. Make no mistake, the blacks are not going to accept inferior status much longer.

And in all this Britain is so completely hamstrung by the force of settler pressure and high-powered lobbying that she cannot act really creatively. Whenever she makes one real gesture to win African goodwill, she has to offset it by making two to the white settlers. Africanists in Britain are aware of the situation but are inhibited by the fact that they cannot or will not take any action that might arouse the wrath of the highly vocal settlers.

The one faint ray of hope is the Capricorn Africa movement launched by Colonel David Stirling in 1949. Its aim is to work out a common citizenship for all races in British multi-racial Africa, excluding the Union of South Africa. But we shall not know whether it will succeed or fail until it holds its first conference in Tanganyika in September of 1955.

Now, it may be that many Canadians and Americans will feel that all this is too far away from them and that they have much more immediate problems to cope with at home. It is, however, important to put Africa and her problems into their world perspective.

Communism and democracy, the great warring ideologies, are fairly evenly balanced. Communism is on the offensive everywhere, exploiting the poverty and national aspirations of the peoples of the backward countries. Africa is the last great uncommitted continent in this conflict of ideology. It is the feather that could tip the scales either in one direction or the other. Asia has largely gone. And the conditions that bred Communism in Asia — the seething bitterness and frustration among the intellectuals, the poverty among the masses—are abundantly present in multi-racial Africa today. And British multi-racial Africa is the key to all Africa.

The answer to communism in Africa is to give the Africans a sufficiently large share in democracy for them to want to live and fight and, if necessary, die for it. This, I believe, can only be done, if it is to be done before it is too late, if the New World takes a big hand in showing the Africans that democracy is not, as the settlers would have it, "Reserved for Europeans only".

Foreign Affairs

Answering Molotov and Vishinsky

By Willson Woodside

THE SOVIETS were quick to react to the successful Nine-Power Conference in London, which produced a new Western defence policy to replace the rejected EDC. They were quick because they merely continued the old policy of bidding the Western allies to "new" talks, so as to postpone their action. Molotov went to East Berlin, to call for immediate withdrawal of all occupation troops and a conference on "new" Soviet proposals for unifying Germany, and to warn that if the London defence agreement was ratified Germany would remain divided for a long time to come. Vishinsky went to the UN to raise anew the cry that goes to the heart of all peoples: disarmament. All participants, he said, should reduce their "conventional" arms by fifty per cent within a year, and production of atomic arms should be halted. On how this was to be controlled, he was as vague as usual.

It isn't enough to denounce these moves as the same old trickery. Molotov's warning that carrying out the London agreement to bring Bonn into the Brussels and Atlantic Pacts will condemn Germany to division for a long time to come will have its effect on some Germans, as will his call for immediate withdrawal of all occupation troops. At the same time many French people and other Europeans will again see the mirage of a neutralized, "permanently" disarmed Germany. There has to be a more effective answer to this than just "*phooey!*"; and I think David Lawrence, editor of *U.S. News and World Report,* has pointed to it.

What is needed to ensure peace in Europe is not just the withdrawal of occupation troops from Germany, but the withdrawal of such troops from Poland, the Baltic States, Austria, Hungary, Romania and Bulgaria. The Soviets still occupy almost every inch of the vast territory out of which they chased the retreating Germans in 1944-45. We occupy—or, more precisely, *protect* according to the wish of the great majority of the people — only West Germany. Naturally this is the area from which the Soviets would like to see troops withdrawn. Our answer may be simple and obvious, but we must make it unwearyingly every time the Soviets make their proposal: let all these areas be freed together, and free elections held there as well as in Germany.

It is the same with Vishinsky's disarmament cry. Who are the ones who kept hundreds of divisions under arms, and set about an intensive plan of modernization of all arms, while we hastily disarmed and converted our huge arms industry to civilian production, after the war? Who is it that still has 175 divisions standing ready, pressing against the frontiers of the free world? It is, of course, the Soviets, who are always making themselves out to be the peace-seekers, and calling on *us* to disarm.

Miller

VISHINSKY: His "new" disarmament proposals have stirred wide interest, though he is vague as ever on control.

Vishinsky's aim is the same as Molotov's: it is to get us to sit down and talk again, to talk endlessly. They know that while the talk goes on, they carry forward their master plan for subverting the remaining free world, while we tend to hold up our decisions, in the hope that "something will turn up". They don't really hope for new Teherans or Yaltas, where our leaders made sweeping concessions in the belief that these would win Soviet friendship and co-operation. All they seek or want is new Panmunjoms and Genevas, which showed us divided and in confusion and, through a long series of small concessions, sapped our will to stand firm.

Our answer to Vishinsky's appeal for disarmament ought to be that he and his masters know perfectly well that, under our democratic system, there would be no stopping our people and politicians from seeking a broad reduction of arms, of the period of military service of our young men, and of spending on armaments development, were the Soviets merely to do now what we did after World War II, and go back to a peacetime military establishment.

It is not easy, Heaven knows, to carry on policy under the democratic system. I know that there are some people who believe that in the long run we cannot deal effectively with the Soviet challenge, under our system of lengthy public discussion, periodic pauses for election campaigns, and frequent governmental crises. Far from agreeing with that view, I have always held that we could end the cold war and the threat of Communist expansion by setting to work to undermine belief in the fundamental propositions of Marxism, and thus bringing down the pillars of the Soviet temple.

If we would just bind together into a coherent whole the many noble efforts and experiments which the Western world has made in the last 10 years, we could set up as a goal for the strivings and idealism of our peoples something so superior to the Communist ideology that there would be no comparison. I refer to the Marshall Plan for aiding the recovery of Europe; the "productivity teams" exchanged by Britain, France and the U.S., by which they passed on their special "know-how" to the others; Truman's "Point Four", the Colombo Plan and UN Technical Assistance, all aimed at raising the level of life in the underdeveloped countries; the Schuman Coal and Steel Pool, which binds together today the basic industries of France and Germany, the Benelux countries and Italy; and the many other proposals and plans leading towards European unity or a wider Western Democratic Union.

We have plenty of plans. What we need is a coherent *cause* to hold before our people, and especially our young people, something to strive for and work towards. Let us place clearly before them the goal of a free world constantly tightening its bonds of co-operation and unity, improving the condition of life of its people, and spreading the frontiers of freedom by helping backward peoples to self-government and by developing an attractive power which would pull the satellites free of the Soviets.

If our people had their eyes set on such a goal we wouldn't have to worry about the little tricks of Molotov and Vishinsky.

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MANITOBA — Manitoba Hospital Service Association, 116 Edmonton Street, P.O. Box 638, Winnipeg 1. F. D. MacCharles, Executive Director. Tel. 922-181.

ONTARIO—Blue Cross Plan for Hospital Care, 135 St. Clair Ave. West, Toronto 7. D. W. Ogilvie, Director. Tel. Walnut 4-3301.

QUEBEC—Quebec Hospital Service Association, 1200 St. Alexander Street, Montreal 2. E. Duncan Millican, President. Tel. University 6-4511.

NEW BRUNSWICK, NEWFOUNDLAND, NOVA SCOTIA, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND — Maritime Hospital Association, 110 MacBeath Avenue, Moncton, N.B. Ruth Cook Wilson, Executive Director. Tel. 9621.

Television

Peanuts and Popcorn

By Hugh Garner

THIS AFTERNOON as I was sitting across the room from my TV set, not paying any attention to it, I happened to look up just in time to see some kook on the other side of the picture screen pointing a cannon at my head. Before I had a chance to duck behind an overstuffed chair, the thing went off with a hangover-shattering roar and showered the camera lens with what appeared to be half a ton of puffed rice. I looked up the name of this martial piece of tomfoolery and found that it was called "Contest Carnival", still another of the circus programs that are sent to try the parents of all children under fourteen.

Like burlesque shows, if you've seen one circus program, you've seen them all, but try to tell that to a moppet. He or she will lie on the living-room rug for hours watching the same old trampoline acts, acrobatic tumblers, equestrians, performing dogs, and unicycle riders, until you wish it were a real circus and that its train would hit an open switch before the next week's program rolled around.

By reasons of propinquity rather than preference I am an authority on television circuses, and I state here and now that they have done more to rehabilitate broken-down clowns and varicosed trapeze artists than anything since the WPA. They have saved many a performing seal from being boiled down for his blubber, and many a performing dog from ending up in the pound. And, let's face it, they have brought a lot of entertainment to the kids and grownups alike, who seldom get a chance these days to see a real circus hit town.

The best of them, for my money, is "Big Top" from 12.00 to 1.00 o'clock on Saturdays. This show is held in a large armories in Philadelphia, and gives a feeling of space to a type of program that has to have it to be authentic. "Big Top" is television's largest live production, and involves the services of more than three hundred people. Each Saturday the show plays host to what looks like thousands of kids, and though all the action takes place in one ring, with a little imagination you can visualize the other two rings operating outside your line of vision. At a real circus you can never watch more than one ring at a time anyhow.

The ringmaster is a fellow called Jack

CBS

JACK STERLING: Ringmaster.

Sterling, who looks the part, and talks it, to a T. He wears a colorful full-dress suit and top hat, and sports the type of moustache beloved of Simon Legrees in a thousand Uncle Tom shows. The program moves with split-second circus timing, the acts are real headliners, the band is just as loud and brassy as a circus band should be, and the children seem to cheer in appreciation rather than on cue. "Big Top" also has a full-time talent scout in the person of Leo Grund, who searches America and Europe for circus acts.

Because it is televised from an armory, the show can use horses, wild animals, and elephants. (And what is a circus without an elephant?) Besides which there is plenty of room aloft for The Geraldos or the Aerial Solts to throw themselves around to their hearts' content. Probably the greatest single act I ever saw on the show was a one-finger balancing act by a guy atop a high pole. My own finger was aching in sympathy by the time he climbed down.

According to George A. Hamid, TV circus impresario and owner of the Steel Pier at Atlantic City, animal acts are the favorite TV circus fare, followed closely by jugglers and aerial acts. Mr. Hamid has been quoted as saying: "At the start of this TV revolution in show business, many old time circus people felt that once the public had seen their acts they would be box office poison. But experience has proved the contrary."

Another circus show that does not reach the authenticity or class of "Big Top", but has a good rating nevertheless, is "Super Circus", which comes from Chicago, takes place on a stage, and relies on painted backdrops to give it a circus touch. The ringmaster is a tall clean-shaven young man named Claude Kirchner, who doesn't come within the length of a king-pole of touching Jack Sterling in the role. This show relies on the trampoline for many of its acts (a trampoline is a taut piece of canvas upon which performers bounce themselves), and there is a brassy blonde named Mary Hartline who somehow got into the act, but does nothing much but stand around showing her curves. There are three clowns, who depart from circus tradition by talking, and a "menagerie" consisting of animals that are small enough to fit into an overnight bag.

Other circus shows are "Tootsie Hippodrome", and the aforementioned "Contest Carnival". If you are a real circus fan, you can skip them all but "Big Top", but on this program you will see some of the G-UR-A-TIST AM-U-R-ICAN and EE-U-ROP-EEN circus stars in the business. And I'm going to be ready for that guy with the cannon next Sunday, with a Flit-gun full of rock salt. If it's war he wants, then war it is.

•

Gilles Gervais, 16, was using his pneumatic hammer to drive nails in concrete when a 1½-inch spike flew up and lodged itself securely in the top of Gervais' head. Gervais took the rest of the day off.

Bft esc thm arf arf odw ily od.—*Toronto Star.*

No editorial comment, please.

Partridgeberry Harvest

As smooth and round as pippins, partridgeberries
Redden for the harvesting. First let us cross
The brook named Powderhorn, where fleets and ferries
Of leaf and foam, and coracles of moss
Ply between the stepping stones; beyond, a wood
Holds mysteries of crackling twig, of hooves imprinted
Upon black loam. We climb a ridge: The sun is good,
The sky is wide, a golden birch is newly minted.
Here in this airy, bird-flocked, autumn place,
Heels to the turf, a chieftain pine lies weathered;
Boulders are skull-capped in green lichen lace;
Hollows are filled to the brim with a feathered
Extravagance of ferns, and sad with September bees.
Now to the clinking of kettles, cups and measures,
We stoop, small figures in the ancient frieze
Of fruits and garnering and harvest pleasures.

LENORE A. PRATT

"THAT'S THE NEW LABATT PILSENER LABEL. REMINDS ME TO STOP WORK WHEN I FEEL THIRSTY"

Tested by brewmasters from seven other breweries, at Mr. Hugh F. Labatt's request, Pilsener won enthusiastic praise . . . a light, dry, true Pilsener Beer!

Your first cool bottle of Pilsener proves it . . nothing slakes thirst so enjoyably, so effectively as Labatt's Pilsener! Introduce *your* thirst to that authentic Pilsener flavour—lighter than ale, drier than lager. *Refreshing!* All the pleasures of Pilsener are waiting . . . treat yourself to a Pilsener soon.

The swing is definitely to Labatt's

Ottawa Letter

A Change of Heart by the Prime Minister?

By John A. Stevenson

THE EXTRAORDINARY *volte-face* of Prime Minister St. Laurent in his dealings with Premier Duplessis continues to puzzle even members of his own party. The latter has few friends and admirers outside the bounds of his own province; when the Prime Minister declared war on Duplessis, he raised himself to a higher pinnacle of popularity in English-speaking Canada than he had ever before attained.

Suddenly, to the amazement of everybody, Mr. St. Laurent throws away this treasure of new goodwill by holding an amicable meeting with Mr. Duplessis in Montreal. All that we know of the results of this conference is that there has been a modification of attitudes on both sides, but apparently there is a reasonable prospect of a settlement of the controversy over income taxation. There is no sign, however, that Mr. Duplessis intends to be any more co-operative about such matters as constitutional reform, the Trans-Canada highway and Federal grants for higher education.

Some light has been thrown upon the problem of the Prime Minister's apparent change of heart by a manifesto just issued by a French-Canadian organization of an extremely racial stripe, called *La Ligue Action Nationale* (The National Action League). It is true that its executive includes such nationalist firebrands as Canon Lionel Groulx and René Chaloult, a former MPP, but it also has members of more moderate temper like Monsignor O. Maurault, the Rector of the University of Montreal, and André Laurendeau, a well-known journalist and broadcaster. The manifesto, after reviewing at length Mr. St. Laurent's belligerent speech in Quebec City and his conference with Mr. Duplessis, takes strong exception to his call for a campaign to educate the people of Quebec about the merits of what it calls his "centralizing thesis". It then proceeds to serve notice upon the Prime Minister that what is tantamount to an invitation to the French-Canadian Catholic population of Quebec to give up their autonomy and entrust their cultural heritage to the mercy of an Anglo-Protestant majority at Ottawa will strain their habitual toleration and patience to breaking point.

To supplement these warnings, the manifesto rakes up "old unhappy far-off things" like the execution of Louis Riel and the enforcement of military conscription in 1917. After reminding Mr. St. Laurent how the Conservative party had been banished from power at Ottawa for complicity in these political crimes against Quebec, it foretells a similar fate for the Liberal party and the disruption of national unity for another century, if he persists in his wicked courses. Now this is the language of wanton exaggeration, most of it sheer claptrap. The French-Canadian people are not a separate nation but a race; nobody is pushing them to the wall and nobody is attacking or trying to annihilate their spiritual life. If their heritage of a special racial culture is a healthy plant, as it is, no arrangements about taxation can destroy it. But, unfortunately, there is ground for fearing that a large majority of the French-Canadian people share the apprehensions expressed in the manifesto. So it is altogether probable that Ministers from Quebec have impressed forcibly upon the Prime Minister that he has involved himself in a head-on collision with the deepest-rooted sentiments and prejudices of his own race and that the spate of applause from the English-speaking provinces has done intense damage to his cause in Quebec.

CP

JAMES GARDINER: Pessimistic.

Wilfrid Dufresne, MP, one of Mr. Drew's four supporters from Quebec, has contributed his mite to the Prime Minister's discomfort by an abusive speech in which he declared that no English-speaking Prime Minister would dare to treat Quebec with such disdain as Mr. St. Laurent has.

GLOOMY TALES have been reaching Ottawa from the prairie provinces. Farmers and their machines have had to stand idle day after day, while the grain crops were being battered down by rain or wilting under the ravages of hail, frost and a new and destructive type of rust.

The Bureau of Statistics has broken the bad news to the outer world in an ominous statement, which suggests that, when it issues its third estimate of the wheat crop on November 4, the Bureau may have to cut another large slice off its previous estimate of 378 million bushels, and that the ultimate yield may well be the second lowest in forty years. Indeed, Mr. Gardiner, the Minister for Agriculture, who returned recently from the West in a very pessimistic mood, is reported to have said that the prairie farmers might not harvest more than 200 million bushels of wheat and that only a small proportion of the yield would reach the milling grades worth exporting.

Then Hurricane Hazel has left a trail of devastation among the unharvested crops of Eastern Canada and obviously a serious shrinkage of rural purchasing power during the winter is inevitable. Furthermore, several strikes now in progress are bound to have an impact upon the fortunes of the communities in which they are located. So it looks as if the Canadian people must bid a temporary farewell to the days of lush prosperity and Ministers must be thankful that they need not seek a fresh mandate for at least two more years.

THE representatives of the British woollen industry, who presented their case against any increase in present tariff duties, have been well pleased with their experiences before our Tariff Board. They thought it a competent judicial body and marvelled at the mastery of the intricacies of the woollen trade possessed by its Chairman Hector McKinnon. They found their Canadian antagonists square fighters, but what delighted them most was the impressive volume of support for their case which was mobilized by a variety of Canadian interests. Opposition to any boost in the woollen duties could have been expected from agrarian organizations and the clothing industry, but these were powerfully reinforced by briefs submitted on behalf of the retail merchants of Canada and the Canadian Association of Consumers. Moreover, the British Columbia Lumber Manufacturers' Association and two other lumbering organizations joined the Fishermen's Association of British

Capital Press

WALTER HARRIS: A welcome.

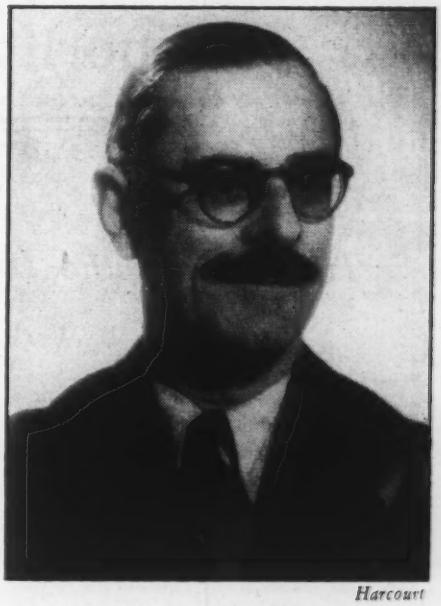
Columbia in resisting a move which would obviously curtail Britain's ability to buy their products. Whatever conclusions the Board may reach upon the evidence presented to it, the Government will be under no illusions about the possibility that any increase of the duties may lose more votes than it could gain. Probably Mr. Harris, the Minister of Finance, whose voice will be influential in the decision, welcomes the evidence of widespread hostility to the demands of the woollen manufacturers, because his personal inclinations are for low tariffs, and he holds a seat that contains only a few minor industries.

THE Irish envoys accredited to Ottawa have been so acceptable to Canadian Governments and so happy in their posts that most of them have had a long tenure. The latest is Séan Murphy, a 58-year-old native of Waterford and a graduate of University College, Dublin. After graduating, he read law and was admitted to practise as a solicitor. He was, however, an ardent Sinn Feiner and in 1920, having become deeply involved in the crusade for winning independence for Southern Ireland, he went to Paris as secretary of a mission, whose object was to cultivate French goodwill towards the aspirations of Sinn Fein.

When Eire, having achieved Dominion status as a prelude to independence, established her own government and began to organize a diplomatic service, Mr. Murphy's experience of Paris brought him appointment as Irish Minister there in 1923. His record in Paris was excellent, but in 1925 his chief decided that he was needed in Dublin and set him to serve as administrative officer and assistant-secretary in the Department of External Affairs. In 1928 he had his preference for service abroad gratified by being re-accredited to France as Minister, and was also given the additional charge of handling his country's relations with Belgium. The confidence that different Irish governments placed in his abilities brought him extra duties as a member of the Irish delegations to the Imperial Conferences of 1926, 1929 and 1930 and as an alternate delegate to various Assemblies of the League of Nations.

Thus he reached Ottawa with diversified experience in diplomacy and, while relations between Canada and Eire are so consistently free from friction that Irish Ministers have few chances to exercise their skill as negotiators, he has been performing such duties as fall to his lot with intelligence and tact and is *persona grata* with Mr. Pearson and his officials.

Eire, unlike Canada, is extremely economical, even parsimonious, about her diplomatic service and Mr. Murphy has to get along with a single secretary, John O'Brien. He is not addicted to formal social gaieties, but he likes to enjoy quietly the company of congenial friends and has acquired a goodly circle of them in Ottawa and elsewhere. Being a passionate Irish Nationalist, he has a natural partiality for Canadians of Irish stock and is always ready to delight St. Patrick's Societies with interesting discourses about the history and present fortunes of his beloved Ireland, whose reunification is his chief political interest. But he has seen too much of the world to have a narrow parochial outlook and, unlike many Irishmen, he has found such favor with the French-Canadians that Laval University gave him an honorary degree (Doctor of Laws) in 1952. His favorite recreations are golf and riding and he has become an enthusiastic spectator at hockey games.



Harcourt

SEAN MURPHY: Quiet gaiety.

"THAT'S THE NEW LABATT "50" LABEL REMINDS HIM OF THE TIME HE CELEBRATED WINNING THE CHAMPIONSHIP"

John Labatt III, challenged by his brother to brew an ale to celebrate his 50th Anniversary, produced a great favourite—'50'. A lighter, smoother ale.

'50' just naturally goes with celebration . . . its lighter, smoother flavour, its golden brightness and body all have a way of adding to the happy memories. Plan to have Labatt's Anniversary '50' on hand for your next Special Event! And why not make everyday thirst a cause for celebration! Have a '50' soon.

The swing is definitely to Labatt's

Minority Report

The Case of the Disappearing Eskimos

By Farley Mowat

I HAVE been haunted for some time by the Eskimos Who Never Were.

Just a few weeks ago, the Department of Northern Affairs announced that it was sending several plane loads of emergency food to "a band of about 40 Eskimos living at the north end of Ennadai Lake, 230 miles from Hudson Bay, and about 50 miles north of the Manitoba border". The location of the Eskimos who never were could not have been more closely pin-pointed had it been taken from my book, *People of the Deer.*

All this happened several months after a friend in Ottawa sent me a copy of *Hansard* upon which he had scribbled: "I see you've made the major league". It seemed like an inscrutable inscription until I found, on page 1245, that I had been labelled as a liar, in public debate, by no less a personage than the Hon. Jean Lesage, Minister of Northern Affairs and National Resources.

There has to be a strong motive for a cabinet minister to engage in this kind of slander, and the story of that motive is, I think, instructive.

It began in 1952 with the publication of a book of mine under the title of *People of the Deer.* The book was an attempt to draw attention to a great and continuing evil being perpetrated upon the native peoples of the north. In writing the book I was critical of what I believed to be the callous indifference and sublime stupidity of those men appointed as administrators over the Eskimos and northern Indians. I was also critical of trading concerns.

The first response came in June of 1952, when the house organ of the Hudson's Bay Company, a magazine called the *Beaver,* published a violent attack upon my personal integrity, under the guise of a book review. The attack was written for the *Beaver* by A. E. Porsild, who has been for twenty years a senior employee of the Department of the Dominion Government which came under the strongest criticism in my book.

Dr. Porsild is also a scientist, at present employed as Dominion Botanist for the National Museum. He has won respect in his own field as a botanist and his published opinion of my book was therefore accepted by many people as the considered verdict of a reputable and experienced Arctic expert.

In point of fact his "review" read more like a deliberate attempt at character assassination than anything else. I was accused in effect, if not directly (Dr. Porsild undoubtedly knows about the libel laws), of being a shoddy peddler of falsehoods, of trapping furs illegally, of robbing the Eskimos whom I was pretending to support and of being a first-rate charlatan. At the time Dr. Porsild wrote his review, he could not have been unaware that most of his charges were completely false; the proof lay in the files of the Government Department to which he belonged.

When Dr. Porsild's review was published in the *Beaver,* I immediately prepared a point-by-point reply and submitted it to the editor of the magazine with complete confidence that he would publish it. I was rather naive. The editor replied that he would not be able to publish any defence of mine, and the reason he gave was that it would only lead to useless controversy.

Perforce I kept quiet. But copies of the review were sent to most influential Canadian newspapers with the implication that here was a definitive answer from the scientific body to my fantastic charges concerning the Eskimos. Three or four newspapers were deceived to the extent of giving me an editorial lambasting, but it is to their credit, that when they were given copies of my reply, they apologized handsomely.

About this time the Ontario Department of Education saw fit to place my book on the supplementary reading list for schools. A letter was sent to Queen's Park suggesting that the book be struck off the list in view of the conclusive evidence of Dr. Porsild that its contents were false. But the Department of Education does not take kindly to efforts at enforcing private censorship, and the book remains on the list.

QUITE THEN in the autumn of 1952 Dr. Porsild and his associates were given a unique opportunity to carry on the fight in print. Scott Young, worried by the precedent which had been established by the *Beaver,* submitted an article called "Storm Out of the Arctic" to SATURDAY NIGHT. The article did not deal with the content of my book, but with the question of whether or not an author, whose reputation had been viciously attacked in print, was entitled to a reply. The then-editor of SATURDAY NIGHT sent Young's article to Porsild and offered him an equal amount of space in the magazine. Porsild used this God-given opportunity to reiterate and embellish his personal charges against me, and hardly bothered to reply to Scott Young at all. For a second time I attempted to be heard. My letter to the editor was returned with the oddly familiar comment that the controversy had gone far enough.

FARLEY MOWAT: Someone lying?

My rise to a particular kind of fame progressed, but did not reach its apex until January of this year. Then a Member of the Dominion House was foolhardy enough to suggest that perhaps the important thing about my book was its contention that we could do much better for the Eskimos than we had done in the past. There was hell to pay. The Hon. Minister seems to have been amazed that any one should still exist who would credit a word of what I had written. Mr. Lesage then publicly stated that the book and its entire contents were false, and went on to administer the *coup de grâce.* He declared his intention of printing, at public cost, the monograph (the original "review" had gained much in dignity with this new name) of Dr. Porsild, stating that it would be one of the best answers to the book, and implying strongly that it was an official answer.

It was unfortunate that the Opposition chose to be difficult. R. R. Knight, of Saskatoon, rose to suggest that in all fairness my reply should be published alongside Dr. Porsild's attack. It seemed reasonable enough.

The Hon. Mr. Lesage replied as follows: "I do not want to enter into this controversy and I can see no reason why we should perpetuate it. And, under the

circumstances, since the hon. gentleman objects, nothing will be printed."

There is one further incident worthy of report. A few months ago I was informed that the Anisfield-Wolf Award committee, which in 1953 made an award to *People of the Deer* for its contribution to better human relations, had received a communication from Dr. Porsild in his official capacity as an employee of the Government. The communication was brief. It stated clearly that the Award Committee had been duped—*that the Eskimos about whom I wrote never existed.*

Certainly someone is lying. There is not room here for a detailed examination of the evidence but some things can be said briefly.

In the first place, there is conclusive proof in Government files, under the signature of Dr. J. B. Tyrrell that in 1897 the mythical Eskimos of whom I wrote numbered more than 600 individuals. Further, three Government of Canada official censuses refer to populations of up to 200 of these non-existent Eskimos as late as 1931.

In the second place, no anthropologist or other scientist in Canada or elsewhere has publicly supported Dr. Porsild's opinion of my book. He is the sole "expert" accuser.

In the third place, a formidable list of real authorities including the late Dr. Ralph Linton, head of the Anthropology Department of Yale University; Dr. Wm. S. Carlson, President of the University of Vermont and leader of the Fourth Greenland Expedition; Vilhjalmar Stefansson, Arctic explorer; Lord Tweedsmuir, one-time Arctic trader for the Hudson's Bay Company; Dr. E. Carpenter, on the staff of the University of Toronto, have all publicly supported my book and my contentions in whole or in part.

Finally, apart from the fact that both my wife, and A. H. Lawrie, of the University of Toronto, lived for some months with the imaginary Eskimos, it happens there is another witness. In 1951, the Eskimos about whom I wrote were visited by a fully qualified professional anthropologist from the French National Museum. This gentleman, M. Jean Michéa, is at present preparing a study of the mythical Eskimos for publication. Further, he has been kind enough to give me his written opinion of my book and of its accuracy.

So much then for the attempts of Dr. Porsild and his employers to persuade the world that these Eskimos did not and do not exist except in my imagination.

The truth is obvious. The Ihalmiut band, the surviving remnant of a once numerous people that were inhumanly neglected, still survive—though on the verge of extirpation. And this is the shape of things for most of the far northern native tribes.

Three Poems by Louis Dudek

The Moment

The poet who begins to write no poem
he is the one I want to be.
Having no need to give
of himself, and not convinced others
need
or would, in any case, take
it, he is free.
A poet beginning just to be.
How smooth, and clean,
this thought appears to me!
The table has been cleared, a piece
of paper on it . . . I sit and laugh
at the beauty of my white
freedom for the act—
reluctant to end,
in decision, this perfect thing.
You who are curious,
will have to wait and see!

A Cracker Jack

If you and I ceased to exist, my dear,
and all other ghosts,
would the Manifold of Space and Time
collapse in its cupboards?

Would the quivering fiction of being
Joe, Paul, Patsy, May
be folded up like their Snakes and Ladders
and be laid away?

As if we had not been? Not only "as if"
but as it is.
Nature destroys itself: we are and are not.
Are now like this,

then never have been, when we cannot
remember
and no one is there to see
where shadfly swarms go after rainstorms
or flies in a laboratory.

Our summer of strongest sunlight recalls
the greatest sadness;
and the quiet contemplation of our extinction
is called beauty, dearest.

Spaces

The seven stars
of the Great Wain
hang in the sky
a million light years
one from another
and from me, but I
gather the seven together
who could never know
me or one another
but for my human eye.

"THIS IS MY DEN: THE NEW LABATT IPA LABEL IS TO SHOW THAT IT'S A MAN'S ROOM"

John Labatt II brought the secret of IPA back to London in 1864. Winner of more awards than any other ale, it is famous as a MAN'S drink.

Next time you see the IPA label, you know it for a fact . . . there's a *man* about, with a taste for a truly *man's* ale. A zestful and mellow ale . . . an ale with hearty old-time flavour . . . an ale with a fine masculine tang. If you've a *man's* taste in ales, you'll enjoy Labatt's IPA. Have an IPA soon.

The swing is definitely to Labatt's

Books

Men in Great Place

By Arnold Edinborough

"SOME MEN are born great," read Malvolio, "some achieve greatness, some have greatness thrust upon 'em." No two men had greatness thrust upon them so rudely as Clement Attlee and Trygve Lie. It is no disrespect that prompts one to say this; the title of Attlee's book itself, *As It Happened*, tells us, even if the author did not conclude his autobiography with a specific statement to this effect. And as for Trygve Lie, his *In the Cause of Peace* begins with a deliberately contrived description of his being called to office from the folksy surroundings of a north Norway Christmas.

How well the two men coped with their sudden elevation is the subject of these two books.

I suppose the real cross that Clement Attlee has had to bear since he came to political prominence is the personality of his opposite member, Sir Winston Churchill. Churchill is flamboyant, rhetorical and a glutton for publicity. Attlee is quiet, waspish in his political speeches, and only prepared to undergo the publicity that he deems rigidly necessary for his party's success — a character that led Churchill, in a malicious moment, to say that he knew no one so modest as Mr. Attlee, and no one with so much to be modest about. Perhaps nothing shows the fundamental difference between the two men so well as the fact that Churchill's account of the war alone fills six robust volumes and Attlee's account of his whole life is here condensed into two hundred pages.

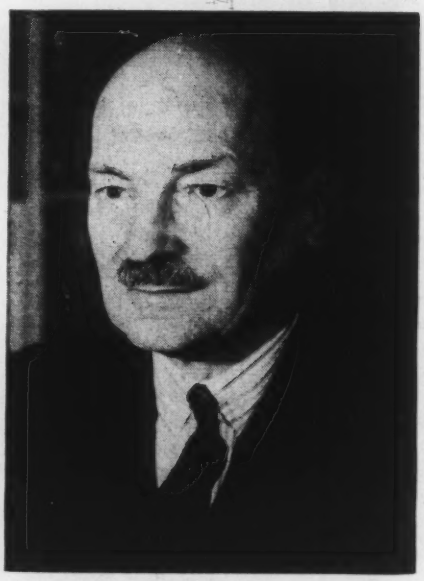
What sort of a picture do we get of this almost professionally unassuming man from his autobiography? Above all, we find a man of integrity and sincerity. Born into a well-to-do family, he had a legal career made easy for him. But it was the family tradition, too, that he should go to the East End of London once a week to do his duty by the poor.

From this unspectacular beginning, we see grow the devotion of a lifetime. From helping at Haileybury House Boys' Club, it was but a step to accepting hard work on school boards, on Poor Law Investigation Committees and, ultimately, municipal government. The conversion to Socialism was quick and final, culminating in his election as Labor MP for Limehouse in 1922.

In May, 1940, after Chamberlain's resignation brought into being the war coalition, Attlee, now leader of the Labor Party, became vice-premier.

The tone of the book does not change, however, and all the events of the war years are condensed into the same kind of bare narrative. Indeed, even in this, there seems to be padding. People often seem to be mentioned just because their names appear in some engagement diary which has been preserved.

In office at last, in 1945, with Churchill fuming and bitter as he started on the first of his six volumes, Attlee becomes more selective. The chapters on Foreign Affairs and on Commonwealth Relations



CLEMENT ATTLEE: *Devoted, dull.*

are excellent, but there is little or no mention of all the Labor Party's controversial domestic policies.

The book is enlivened in places by spinsterish snappings at Churchill, Harold Laski and Macdonald and by the repetition of some rather old-established jokes about the working-class. But, bare and gaunt in detail, pedestrian in style, *As It Happened* is by those very qualities able to paint a faithful picture of the man who wrote it — sincere, devoted, hard-working and dull.

TRYGVE LIE'S book is in great contrast to this. Having had greatness thrust upon him, Lie determined to build himself up to the correct size as soon as possible. From the time he was appointed to the time he resigned, he considered his position as Secretary General for the United Nations Organization to be a positive force for peace. He was not content to be just a neutral arbiter who saw that what the great powers wanted was done constitutionally and correctly. Rather, he saw himself as an arranger, the person by whom certain tendencies might be fostered, certain movements given a judicious push, and certain political sleights-of-hand exposed quickly enough to invalidate their effectiveness. Trygve Lie considered that he was in a better position than anyone else in the world to know most international points of view, and since he passionately believed that the United Nations' sole purpose was to maintain peace, he felt it up to him to do more to preserve peace than anyone else.

It was a decision that cost him a lot of hard work and made him the centre of bitter dispute toward the end of his term.

After reading this book, however, no one can deny that he was right in doing what he did and no one can say that he did not personally do as much for peace in these years as almost all other statesmen put together.

Trygve Lie's greatest achievement in his own eyes (and he makes it easy for the reader to agree) was his "Peace Mission" undertaken in the spring of 1950. After seeing the gradual deterioration of relations between the Western countries and the Russian bloc, he propounded a Ten-Point Plan for Peace which is assuredly one of the few sane diplomatic documents of this century.

It is ironic that his Peace Mission, during which he handed the plan to President Truman, Prime Minister Attlee, Premier Bidault and Generalissimo Stalin, ended with the invasion of South Korea. Yet that in itself proves how close to the breaking-point world tension was, when he set off.

The last third of the book is, inevitably, concerned mainly with the Far East. The difficulties over the admission of Red China, the truce in Korea, the anomalous position of Formosa, the quietist attitude of India and the hardening of the cleavage between East and West make up the tale. In the middle of it stands Trygve Lie, maligned first by one side and then the other, and finally brought to resignation by the deliberate boycott of him kept up by the Russian bloc for eighteen months.

This book is a bustling book. It is easy, therefore, to think of the author as a man in a hurry, as a man of enormous ambition. No doubt his enemies will say that he is, but his ambition was for peace, his methods were correct and his success was not small.

After the compulsive barrenness of Attlee and the busy compression of Trygve Lie, it is a pleasure to read Sir Harold Nicolson's polished prose in *The Evolution*

Miller

TRYGVE LIE: *Man in a hurry.*

of Diplomatic Method. Delivered at Oxford as the Chichele Lectures in November of last year, each lecture deals with a specific period of diplomatic history and shows how past principles are still in effect or have been modified. By quoting Homer, Sir Harold shows in the first one that the forms of diplomacy were well established in ancient Greece, but he deplores the spirit of Greek negotiation.

The second lecture is a virulent attack on the Italian diplomacy of the Renaissance — a diplomacy whose methods poisoned international dealings for two centuries, until Grotius and Richelieu in their separate ways drew up new rules for international conduct. This diplomacy of the late 17th and early 18th century Sir Harold Nicolson takes to be the model that should still be followed. He quotes François de Callières's book, *De la Manière de Négocier avec les Souverains* (published 1717) as the diplomatic Bible. It follows that the 20th-century diplomacy of Woodrow Wilson annoys him, and in the last pages of his book he flays Wilson delicately but unmercifully. Sir Harold's conclusion is that the most charitable view to take of modern diplomacy is that it is in a state of transition. He insists that only the re-emergence of the professional diplomatist as envisaged by de Callières will do anything to replace the present "diplomacy by loud speaker or diplomacy by insult".

Looking back at *In the Cause of Peace*, we seem to notice such a diplomat in Trygve Lie. There could be no happier thought to have at the end of a consideration of both books.

AS IT HAPPENED—by the Rt. Hon. C. R. Attlee—pp. 217 and index—*British Book Service*—$3.75.

IN THE CAUSE OF PEACE—by Trygve Lie—pp. 448 and index—*Macmillan*—$6.00

THE EVOLUTION OF DIPLOMATIC METHOD—by Sir Harold Nicolson—pp. 93—*Longmans, Green*—$2.25.

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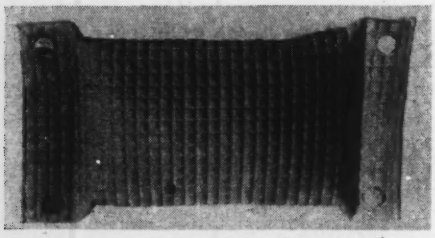

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Chess Problem

By "Centaur"

OF THE WILLIAMS' theme, to present chameleon echo mates with Queen and Pawns, there are two good renderings. P. H. Williams made the pioneer example. Dr. A. W. Galitsky had it moved one square to the left in 1908, unaware that he had been anticipated:

White: K on K4; Q on KR7 Ps on QKt4, QKt5 and KR2. Black: K on Q3; P on KR5. Mate in three.

1.K-B5, K-Q4; 2.QxP, etc. 1.K-B5, P-R6; 2.K-B6, etc.

W. Pauly was five years later with his rendering. The fine ambush key is more difficult:

White: K on Q5; Q on QB7; Ps on QKt2, KR4 and KR5. Black: K on KB3; P on QKt5. Mate in three. 1.Q-QKt7, with similar mates.

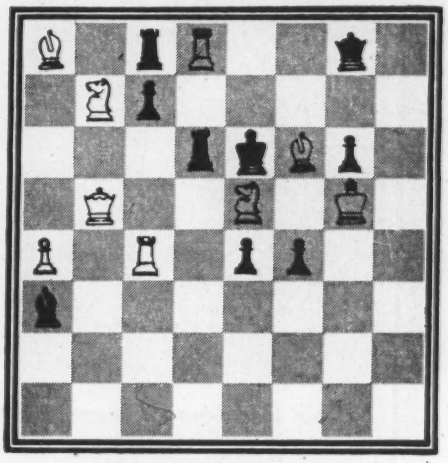
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 88

Key-move 1.Q-Q5, threatening 2.Q-Kt5 mate. If BxQ; 2.R-KB6 mate. If R-B4; 2.R-QB6 mate. If R-K4; 2.Q-B3 mate. If KR else; 2. Kt-Kt2 mate. If Q-Kt8; 2.Kt-Q3 mate.

PROBLEM NO. 89, by E. Narroway.

Port Alberni, BC.

Black—Nine Pieces.



White—Nine Pieces.

White mates in two.

A Square Deal

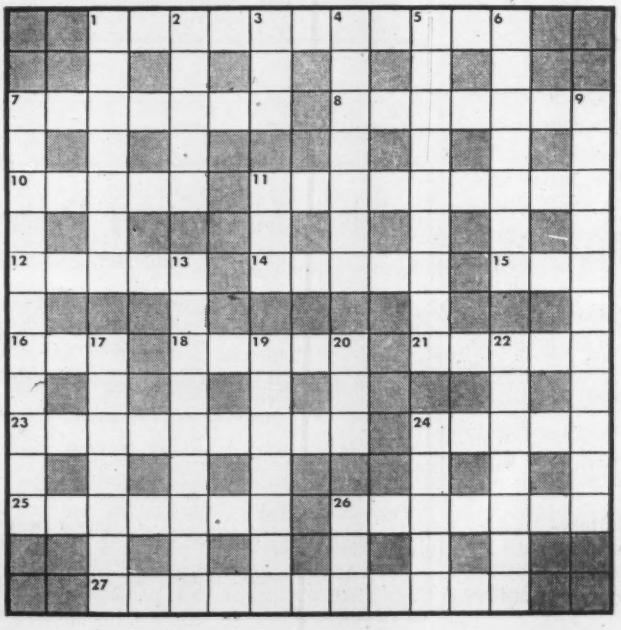
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. In which to plant a roof garden? (7-4)
7. He's getting on! (7)
8. Like a man of few words. (7)
10. He's bound to appear in the next Rank movie. (5)
11. This made it rain hard, no doubt. (9)
12. Virtuous daredevil? (5)
14. Race entered by Todd Duncan. (5)
15. Mermaids started in a French one, it seems. (3)
16. What's in a name? (3)
18. Maybe a drip, but not slow. (5)
21. Getting ideas about her? (5)
23. Material to be tied, of course. (9)
24. The unkindest cut of all for Liberace! (5)
25. Formed behind the Pied Piper, no doubt, on the ship. (7)
26. This order might be a rude awakening to the 1 across cleaner. (7)
27. They are such a trial to insects! (11)

DOWN

1. Did Walton write one on the carp? (7)
2. I'd get up if embraced by 16! (5)
3. The way of a Scandinavian? (3)
4. A G.I. and Nelly appear disorderly! (7)
5. Special events. (9)
6. Juniors couldn't be without them. (7)
7. Yet one doesn't earn this appellation by loafing. (11)
9. The place for the flask of friendship? (11)
11. Often cock-eyed, no doubt. (3)
13. S, for instance. (9)
17. An abstainer, but he gets a broken case on tick, by the sound of it. (7)
19. He must be patronized, of course. (7)
20. Had up for using a knife in Burma. (3)
22. Sure bad painters! (7)
24. C'est si bon! but not Eartha Kitt's version. (5)
26. Last month, in short. (3)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1, 4. Waterspout
7, 8. Low water
10. Tragedy
11. Red cent 12. See 29
13. See 21 14. Ear
15, 18. Noah's ark
19. Drop
21, 13, 25D, 1A. Pour oil on the waters
22. See 1D 24. Medea
25. Own 26. See 2
27. Demesne 30. Tribune
31. Chirico 32. Egg
33, 8. Holy water
34. Weller

DOWN

1, 22A. Watering-can
2, 26A. Trainman
3. Reeve 5. Oarlock
6. Tidal 7. Liege lord
8. See 7, 20 and 33
9. Myopia
16. Abounding
17. Sir
19. Dam
20, 26D, 8. Make your mouth water
22. Conceal
23. No dice 25. See 21
26. See 20 28. Moire
29, 1A, 12. Still waters run deep (337)

The Pickwick Papers *is "wonderful Dickens, but curiously mild entertainment". Above, Walter Fitzgerald (left) as Mr. Wardle; Nigel Patrick (centre) as Jingle; and Alexander Gauge (right) as Tupman.*

Films

Pickwick and Company

By Mary Lowrey Ross

OUT IT WAS A LITTLE saddening to watch the screen version of *The Pickwick Papers,* and the sadness for once had nothing to do with any betrayal of the original. The film Pickwick is almost preternaturally authentic. Dickens himself might have been on hand, directing the cameras, checking the dialogue for omissions or variations, and capering with delight as Alfred Jingle, Samuel Weller and the great Pickwick emerged on the sound stage exactly as though they were stepping out of his own fancy.

The screen Pickwick is wonderful Dickens. But it is curiously mild entertainment, and the sadness it evokes is merely the inevitable melancholy one feels at the passing of time. How could anything that once seemed so madly funny emerge without any outward change into something gently sedative? Everything is there, exactly as it should be. The only thing missing is the fresh and easy enchantment of childhood.

Mr. Pickwick, as played by James Hayter, is exactly Pickwick, and Nathaniel Winkle, with his shooting-cap and exorbitantly flared hunting-coat is precisely Winkle. The staccato Jingle, original inventor of the verbless three-word sentence, is brilliantly right and Snodgrass looks, as he should, like one of Thackeray's own good-natured drawings of Thackeray, without looking a shade less than Snodgrass. The only character who goes a little outside Dickens is Joyce Grenfell, who plays the literary hostess. The divergence is largely because of Miss Grenfell's extraordinary denture, which, in spite of her piercing enunciation, distracts you from what she is saying. As a rule Joyce Grenfell's comic talent is more valuable than her lines. In this case, however, it seemed a pity that her wonderful homemade lyric ("Expiring frog. On a log.") had to be drowned in fits of laughter. However, if Miss Grenfell wasn't, as we say, straight out of Dickens, she is directly in the Dickens line, and the great man would probably find nothing to regret in her appearance beyond the fact that he didn't himself invent her remarkable occlusion.

On the whole, there's very little in the screen Pickwick that either Dickens admirers or Dickens detractors are likely to miss. Just about everything is there—the endless invention of characters, the bland unconcern with character; the sentimentality that is always ready to surrender to comic genius, the grotesque invention that is continually in danger of being wiped out by a sentiment as obliterating as a large wet sponge. Jingle still goes out with a whimper when he should have gone out with a bang. But Mr. Pickwick survives indestructibly as the simple good Englishman whose principles always lead him right, and whose innocence invariably leads him wrong.

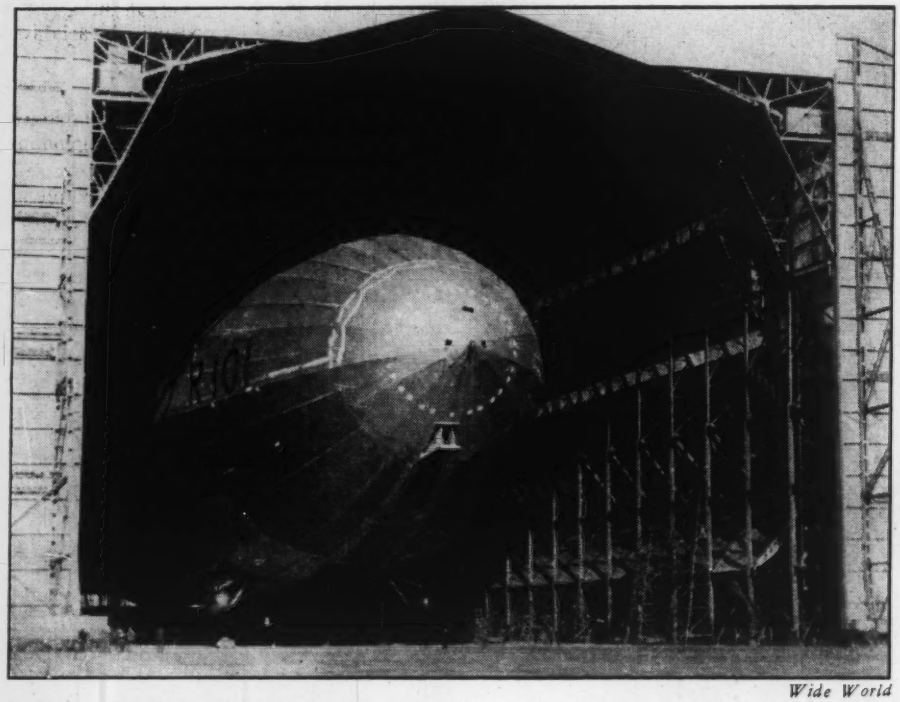
AUTHOR Mika Waltari did the archeological spade work on *The Egyptian* and after that Twentieth Century-Fox set their shock research troops to work on a production that would seem impeccably authentic to any stray Babylonian or Egyptian who happened to drop into the movies. The picture cost $5 million. It employed 87 players in speaking parts and 5,000 extras. It is Cinemascopic, De Luxe colored, and equipped with four-track stereophonic sound. No conscientious reviewer could possibly miss it. Now it's all over with, and I feel a lot better.

The cast includes Edward Purdom as the Egyptian, a humble medical man who works himself up to stylish practice among the Pharaohs; Michael Wilding and Gene Tierney as reigning members of the dynasty; and Jean Simmons and Bella Darvi as the two ladies who divert Dr. Sinuhe when he isn't busy performing brain operations on distinguished patients. It also presents Peter Ustinov as the doctor's personal orderly, and Victor Mature, whose calf muscles are the admiration of Hollywood, if not of the whole world, as a sort of Egyptian legionnaire.

In addition we are shown the Nile, the Pyramids, a lion hunt in the desert, the home life of the Pharaohs, and a glimpse of the House of the Dead, a sort of early Egyptian funeral home. The latter scene is done entirely in a dim but lethal blue. The same shade is employed in Bella Darvi's nail enamel. I'm afraid there isn't space to go into the story.

Stars of the Russian Ballet, an import from the USSR, presents studies from three Russian ballets—"Swan Lake", "The Fountain of Bakchiserai" and "The Flames of Paris". Of the three, "Swan Lake" is by far the most satisfactory, partly because it follows the traditional, non-ideological form of the ballet, but largely because of the continuous delight supplied by its leading ballerina, the incomparable Ulanova. The poetry of dancing is badly needed here, since the production is heavily weighed down by a curious and rather clumsy literalism.

Even the most fervent admirer of Soviet production must be struck by the technical poverty of these films. They might have been made by producers who had merely heard of Technicolor and had then set out to work out their own processes in inadequately supplied laboratories. The photography is fuzzy and the action seems at times to be taking place behind a gauze curtain, rather muddily hand-painted. Luckily the performers themselves are so extraordinarily talented that they survive to a large extent the handicaps of production.



Wide World

WORK ON THE R.101 was dictated by the inflexibility of the official system.

Slide Rule: The Building of the Airship

By NEVIL SHUTE: PART III

WORK ON THE design of R.100 began in a somewhat humdrum manner. Aviation work up till then had meant for me life on an aerodrome amongst experimental aeroplanes, with pilots to talk to every day, and flying for myself whenever I could afford it. The airship job began with office work in Vickers House in Westminster, followed by more than a year in a derelict office in the depressing industrial suburb of Crayford in Kent.

There was a great deal to be done before we dared to begin on the working drawings for the airship, and we had little past experience to guide us. Wallis was a veteran designer of the Vickers airships of the war years, but few of the rest of us had ever seen an airship, much less flown one. From the start it was evident that it would be necessary to depart entirely from the Zeppelin design since this ship was to be more than twice the size of any airship flown before, and to attempt to build an airship from first principles alone, guided only by sound theory and calculation, and by the use of the most up to date aeroplane practice where that was applicable.

The ship was to be built at Howden in Yorkshire, on flat land adjacent to the Humber and roughly equidistant between York and Hull. Howden aerodrome and airship shed, derelict since 1921, had to be reconditioned and made ready for the installation of machinery. Eighteen months were occupied by these and many other matters; it was a time of urgent preparation, strenuous and unpeaceful.

During most of that period I lived in digs in Hatherley Road, Sidcup, a suburb of London not far from the office at Crayford in Kent, where I was getting my staff of calculators together. I built a five-valve wireless set for my parents in those months, and I started on *Marazan,* which was to be published in England by Cassell. I had evidently learned from my previous efforts, because I wrote *Marazan* twice through from start to finish and large portions of the book were written a third time; I was evidently resolved to spare no effort. It probably took me about eighteen months of my spare time to write, working on it in the evenings as a relaxation from my airship work.

I must have had a good deal of energy in those days, because on summer mornings I used to get up at about half-past five, drive six or seven miles to Chislehurst where there was a livery stable, ride for an hour on Chislehurst Common, and get back in time to bathe, breakfast, and catch my train to Crayford. I think I felt that my surroundings at that time were so drab that it was necessary to regain contact with the country and do something different from all the other daily-breaders; I think the airship calculations benefited from these early morning rides, and perhaps they benefited from the novel, too.

By the spring of 1926 most of the preliminary work was over and we were ready to commence the design of the actual airship, and at that time we all moved to Howden. The little town stands in dead flat country unrelieved by hills, and clings desperately to its ancient status of a town among the villages of the district. Modern times have not dealt kindly with the place.

In the middle of all this absorbing work *Marazan* was published. Perhaps no novelist ever treated the production of his first book more lightly; I expected to make little money out of it, and the expectation was realized.

When this book was published, I had to face up to the question of acknowledging authorship. Writing fiction in the evenings was a relaxation to me at that time, an amusement to which I turned as other people would play patience. I did not take it very seriously, and I don't think it entered my head at the time that it would ever provide me with a serious income. During the daytime I was working in a fairly important position on a very important engineering job, for a very large and famous engineering company. It seemed to me that Vickers would probably take a very poor view of an employee who wrote novels on the side; hard-bitten professional engineers might well consider such a man to be not a serious person.

For these reasons I made up my mind to do what many authors in a similar case have done in the past, and to write under my Christian names. My full name is Nevil Shute Norway; Nevil Shute was quite a good, euphonious name for a novelist, and Mr. Norway could go on untroubled by his other interest and build up a sound reputation as an engineer. So it started, and so it has gone on to this day.

So much for the book, which, as I say, was a matter of small moment to me at that time, for at Howden our difficulties were enormous. The contract for the construction of the ship had been taken at a fixed price, which was usual in those days, though in later years the continual losses under fixed-price contracts forced a more equitable form of agreement in the industry for the construction of experimental aircraft.

It has been said that an engineer is a man who can do for ten shillings what any fool can do for a pound; if that be so, we were certainly engineers. Excluding hand tools, there were not more than a dozen machines employed in the construction of R.100. Economy was the

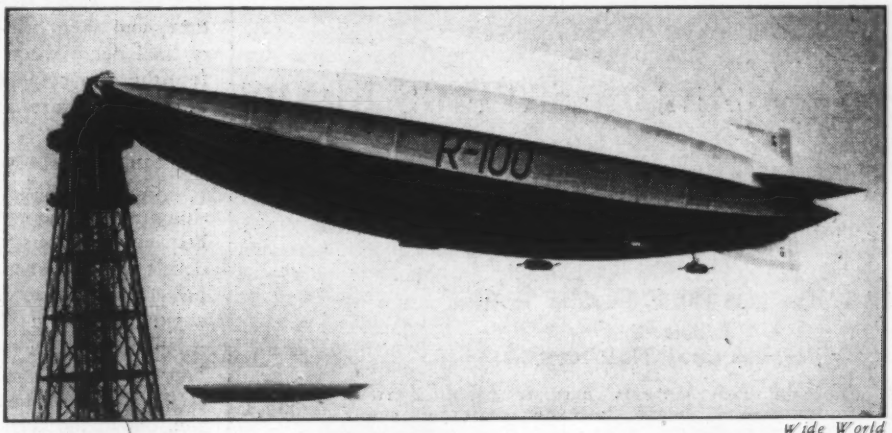
paramount consideration in the shop equipment. A bitter little tale went round at Cardington, where they had everything they cared to ask for, to the effect that R.100 was getting on rather more quickly now that one of us had bought a car and lent the tool kit to the workshops.

At Howden the ship grew slowly. Her girders were formed of three duralumin tubes rolled up helically from sheet metal and riveted with a helical seam; Wallis finally perfected this method of construction during the summer of 1926. The first girders were built during the autumn, and the first transverse frame, a polygonal ring of girders a hundred and ten feet in diameter, was lifted and hoisted into a vertical position hanging from the roof of the shed by about Christmas of that year. Another frame soon followed it and was joined to the first by the longitudinal girders; one section of the ship was then in place which would eventually house one of the gasbags. There were many delays. We were feeling our way with an entirely new form of construction; in a sense we were experimenting on a gigantic scale. From Hansard we learned that at Cardington an entire section of their ship had been erected for experimental purposes and scrapped, at a cost to the taxpayer of £40,000. The designer of the capitalistic ship could take no such refuge from responsibility.

The labour difficulty was always grave. We were three miles from the little town of Howden and twenty-five from civilization in the form of Hull. It was difficult to get skilled aircraft hands to work upon the ship however high the wages that were offered; accommodation for workmen of good class was almost non-existent.

We employed a large percentage of our labour in the form of local lads and girls straight off the farms as unskilled labour, training them to do simple riveting and mass production work. The lads were what one would expect, straight from the plough, but the girls were an eye-opener. They were brutish and uncouth, filthy in appearance and in habits. Things may have changed since then—I hope they have. Perhaps the girls in very isolated rural districts such as that had less opportunity than their brothers for getting into the market town and making contact with civilization; I can only record the fact that these girls straight off the farms were the lowest types that I have ever seen in England, and incredibly foul-mouthed. We very soon found that we had to employ a welfare worker to look after them because promiscuous intercourse was going on merrily in every dark corner.

For three years the work in the shops came hard upon the heels of the design; the progress of the design regulated the speed of the work. Looking back upon that time, I think that an inferiority complex plagued us more than we quite realized. We knew in our hearts that the work that we were doing was good and that we were building a fine ship, but there is no denying that the incessant publicity of the competing staff had its effect upon our spirits. At times it seemed that every newspaper we picked up had a column describing the wonders of R.101, ending up with a brief sentence that R.100 was also being built at Howden. Our puny efforts at a counterblast could not compete with the Air Ministry press department; moreover we had little energy to waste on matters of that sort.



Wide World

MOORED after a test, with the Graf Zeppelin in the background.

There were times when we had much to wonder at. News of the progress of the Air Ministry ship was scanty and hard to come by; by virtue of their official position they knew all about our ship but we knew little about theirs. We gleaned our technical knowledge of R.101 from patent specifications, from popular articles in the press, and from hearsay. Early in the design our calculations had disclosed a curious aerodynamic feature in the stability of these huge ships; not only could they be easily steered by hand without the assistance of a servo motor, but no balance area was required upon the rudders although they were over a thousand square feet in area.

WE LEARNED that R.101 not only had balanced rudders but had servo motors fitted at great weight and cost to assist the helmsman in the steering of the ship. Out flared the inferiority complex; we suspended work on the rudders and spent three days in checking through our calculations to find our mistake. At the end of that time we knew that our figures were correct, and we were left dumbly staring at each other. Either these ships could be steered by hand or they could not; it was impossible that we could both be right. There must be something in this that we did not understand.

The engine installation was another one. An airship requires engine power to go astern to check her way as she approaches the mooring mast and in R.100 we had arranged for two of our six engines to drive their propellers through a reversing gearbox for this purpose. As R.101 approached completion we were astonished to hear that her reversing propellers had proved a failure, and in consequence four of her five engines were arranged to drive ahead and the fifth one would only go astern. The fifth engine apparently was to be carried as a passenger on all her flights solely for the purpose of going astern for a minute or two at the start and finish of each flight, and with its power car it weighed over three tons.

As the years went on the same perplexities came to us very frequently on one point or another. The conditions imposed on the two staffs by their respective organizations provided interesting comparisons. With our capitalistic organization we could go to no great expenditure upon experimental work; we were supposed to know our job and to be able to build an airship as a bridge might have been built. On the other hand we had freedom to change our minds and to make rapid alterations in policy and design if circumstances should require it.

At Cardington the circumstances were entirely different. A large expenditure upon research and experiment was permitted to them; if they asserted that certain research was desirable before their design could proceed, that research was invariably put in hand. In this way they built an entire experimental section of the ship.

All these researches were admirable in themselves, but unnecessary for the production of a successful airship; we bought our gas valves for R.100 from the Zeppelin company and if airships had gone on we would have made them under licence. On the other hand, it appeared that once they were committed to a definite policy with regard to R.101 it was difficult for them to change their minds; if public money had been spent upon an article for the ship, into the ship it had to go.

A few months before the first flight of R.101 her designer urged his superiors to fit petrol engines in the ship as we had done in R.100, on account of the excessive

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weight of the diesel engines. This petition was refused by some high civil servant in the Air Ministry whose name is now forgotten, perhaps fortunately; the diesel engines had been developed for R.101 and they had to be used. It is interesting to note these relative restrictions imposed on the two staffs; our work was hampered by the paucity of research dictated by the fixed-price contract, and theirs by the inflexibility of the official system.

Throughout the summer of 1929 the gasbags were inflated, the manufacture of the gas itself taking a considerable time. Finally came the day when the ship floated in the shed; the roof suspensions became slack and the ship swung from trays of balance weights upon the ground. The completion of the outer cover now that the gasbags were in place took some time, and there was an immense amount of final detail work to be carried out before the ship could fly. Perhaps the most important feature was the engine trials.

THESE TRIALS were a grave responsibility. R.100 had three power cars slung outside the contour of the hull, each housing two Rolls-Royce Condor engines, developing between them 1400 horsepower, and one six-cylinder motor car engine driving a dynamo. Each power car had to pass a test of running for two hours ahead at cruising power and half an hour astern; these tests had to be carried out in the shed before the ship could fly. I have been connected with a great number of first flights of aeroplanes as well as all the flights that R.100 made, but I have never seen a test more dangerous or terrifying than these power car trials. The clearance of the great wooden propellers from the concrete floor was no more than fifteen inches, and whatever precautions we took it was impossible to keep the hull of the ship from surging up and down in the fierce air currents generated by the thrust of the propellers in the shed.

Wallis or I stood by the car throughout each trial watching the pointers that we had arranged to indicate the ship's movement and the propeller clearance; we had a system of signalling to stop all engines if the surging of the ship grew dangerously large. All my life I shall remember the sight of those engine cars leaping and straining at their cable drag wires with terrific force.

If a propeller had hit the floor or if a suspension cable had parted under that test the issue could only have been sheer disaster and the loss of many lives.

This is the third of nine excerpts from "Slide Rule: The Autobiography of an Engineer" by Nevil Shute. Coypright 1954 by Nevil Shute. Published by William Morrow and Company, Inc. and George J. McLeod Limited, Toronto. The fourth instalment will appear in next week's issue.

Business

Research Into Motivation New Tool in Marketing

By H. D. JOHNS

MY SMALL DAUGHTER looked very solemn as she pointed a red plastic pistol at me and said "Bang—You're dead". I took a look at the pistol. From the side it looked complete, but from the front you could see it was split where the two halves were once welded. A playmate had given it to her, she said. Was my daughter to go around with defective weapons that had been cast off by someone else? Certainly not. In no time at all she was equipped with the latest in modern plastic firearms and was parading up and down the street with an admiring retinue of her friends.

Why did I take this action? What compulsion was it that made me buy a bigger, better and flashier gun than had ever been seen before in our quiet suburban neighborhood? Was it convincing advertising? Was it a persuasive salesman? Was it the need to provide comfort, safety, or information? Of course it wasn't. It was probably a need to impress . . . the necessity to create an impression. The things that move men and women to act in certain ways are as varied as the patterns made by sunlight through a leafy tree. The business world is becoming more conscious of the need to isolate and examine these inducements and motives for action.

Motivation research is the name given to a comparatively new method of measuring the reaction of people to the things they are being urged to buy or accumulate. It isn't enough any more to count the number of people who buy a certain brand of a product; it is becoming necessary to find out why they buy it and, perhaps more important, why they do not.

To get at reasons for certain actions is extremely difficult. People sometimes don't know why, or they are not articulate in stating why. In the more usual type of marketing research the question and answer technique is used. This is satisfactory for the collection of known facts, but is generally not good enough to find out "why". In this technique, if a question is asked to obtain an opinion then the chances are that what will be received will, all too often, be a socially acceptable or sensibly sounding response. This socially acceptable response is probably not the truth nor is it wise for the marketer to act upon it.

When a man is questioned about one of his most honored possessions, his car, he frequently gives responses that are, frankly, illogical. Asked, for instance, why he selected make A and not make B, he will probably say that make A is "easier on gas" or "more economical to run". These are socially acceptable replies, calculated to give the impression that the respondent is a sensible person. Yet when further inquiry is made, the startling information is disclosed that he keeps no record of expenses; that he has never driven make B; that he does not know, exactly, how many miles he can get to a gallon of gasoline, and that he does not know if make A gives a better performance with premium grade—and so on. Yet his whole decision, stated emphatically, is based on economy of operation.

The truth is somewhat difficult to discover. Probably a number of things came into consideration: his past experience with cars of that make; the reputation of the manufacturer; the appearance of the car; the make owned by his next door neighbor. Ask any car salesman how a man decides to buy a car. He will probably tell you that many people walk around the showroom model, kick the tires, drive it around the block—then sit down and figure out how they can best pay for it. In other words, he is pre-sold. He had determined to buy that make before he had actually tried it out and before he had approached the dealer.

Thus, it is of the greatest importance to the manufacturer that the pre-selling be done right. It may take the form of advertising in newspapers, magazines, television, radio, posters, direct mail or any other form of influence. It may take the form of a carefully planned public relations campaign. It is important to know whatever it is that pre-sells the potential buyer and to design an approach that persuades him, the buyer, toward a favorable impression. This seeking-out

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Mr. Johns is Executive Director of Canadian Marketing Analysis, Ltd.

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process is now called Motivation Research.

It has been pointed out that no mere question-and-answer survey can properly determine these motivations. It now becomes increasingly obvious that this is not the only difficult problem. If direct questions cannot be asked, there must be an indirect probing—a subtle searching for what is actually on the person's mind. This brings in two more problems: what kind of searching-out must be done, and who can interpret the data once it is obtained. The answer to these is summed up in one person—the psychologist. This is the man, or woman, who both designs and analyses the interview. And here, with the introduction of this specialist we discover another set of variations—there are different kinds of psychologists. The one that we need to follow in motivation research as it applies to marketing is probably a social psychologist—in fact, the best ones are, strangely enough, anthropologists. They have studied people in relation to their environment. Some of them have done clinical psychology; all have gone through a long and frequently arduous period of study concerning human behavior.

Let us consider again the matter of preselling because it helps with evaluation of motivation research. This is the process of convincing a customer before he actually sees a product in the store or has it in his house for demonstration. Advertising is dedicated to just this task; indeed it is, generally speaking, satisfied if it merely influences a potential buyer favorably towards a specific brand. Preselling is, really, the creating of an image of the product or brand that stimulates an unconscious, as well as a conscious desire. It gives a feeling that this thing will satisfy the individual's needs.

The ardent swain, intent on winning favor with his true love, buys a box of chocolates to stimulate a certain response. What determines his selection? Is it the box, or is it the chocolates? Much depends, of course, on the length of time he has known her. After a time he will probably recognize the fact that good chocolates are more important than the box. But initially the desire to impress urges him to buy the more elaborate wrapping. Probably cost is a minor consideration; the primary fact is which box of chocolates will most impress her with his worth?

These matters are of concern in motivation research. It becomes important to discover applications that guarantee solid dollars and cents profit to those with sense enough to use these techniques. It becomes important to discover the methods used by this newer crop of researchers to uncover basic desires and attitudes.

This is the first of two articles. The second will be published in next week's issue.

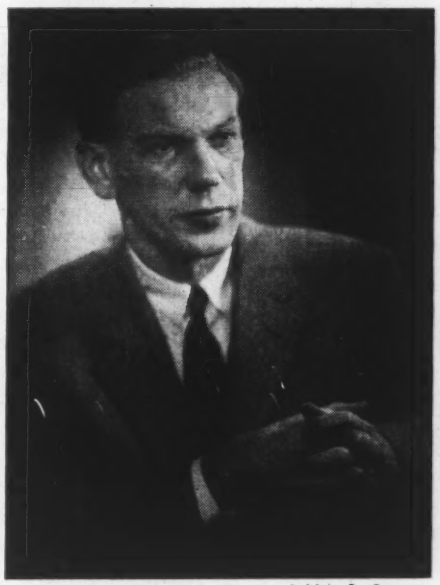
Who's Who in Business

Youth Takes Over

By John Irwin

A FEW BUSINESSES are better known to Canadians than the $102 million enterprise of Canada Packers Limited, which operates ten packing plants, nearly 400 smaller units such as distributing branches, creameries, poultry stations and fertilizer plants across the nation and in the USA, and markets a wide range of products and by-products ranging from beef to fish and soap to peanut butter.

Heading this national concern, which employs more than 11,000 people, is William Flavelle McLean, a thoughtful, friendly young man who today celebrates his 38th birthday. He became president on August 12 this year, succeeding his father, J. S. McLean, an outstanding and outspoken businessman, who founded Canada Packers in 1927 and who died suddenly on September 1.



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Bill McLean was born in Toronto and educated at the University of Toronto Schools and at the University of Toronto. He graduated with honors in chemical engineering and after a year's postgraduate studies ("I was interested in bio-chemistry") at the University of California at Berkeley, he joined Canada Packers "determined to learn the business".

In 1942 he volunteered for the RCAF, was granted a commission and served in the signals branch ("I had been tinkering with radios for many years"). He was posted to radar stations on the east coast, at Queensport, NS, and attached to RAF squadrons in England.

Returning to Canada Packers in 1946, he headed a major research team whose program grew into an important phase of the business. Their work included the construction of a research laboratory in Toronto. Later, he assumed responsibility for all the physical facilities —plants and equipment across Canada and in the USA—and for a $12 million expansion program.

In 1950 he was elected a director and was appointed a vice-president two years later. He is not a devotee of the committee system ("which can be useful in a way, but on the other hand, can be a time waster and lead to a delay in decisions unless handled properly") but believes in delegating and sharing authority with other members of his capable and efficient executive team.

Bill McLean conducts his big organization from a ground floor office of the company's head office in northwest Toronto. On the walls hang paintings by the famed artist, R. Y. Jackson, part of a large collection which his father owned. A number of other paintings by well-known Canadian artists are hung in offices of the company across the country.

With his wife, the former June McClure of Toronto, and their three small children (two boys and a girl), he lives in Rosedale. As often as not, after the children are in bed, he is to be found in his library ("my taste for reading is somewhat diffuse, but I have a special liking for a good biography"). When not immersed in his books he "tinkers with hi-fi radios—as a matter of fact, I think I am a kind of nuisance to my family in that way", or dictates a letter on a portable recording machine on a table beside a dismembered radio.

In his younger days he enjoyed skiing in the Laurentians ("don't get time for it now") and sailing and fishing ("not much now") on Sturgeon Lake where he has a comfortable cottage. His only recreation now is an occasional game of golf (his handicap is a useful 14) which keeps his spare athletic figure (half an inch short of six feet, weight 145 lb.) in trim. He drives to his office in a 1954 Mark VII Jaguar, while Mrs. McLean prefers a Ford station wagon to do her visiting and shopping.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a dividend of twenty cents (20c) per share has been declared by the Directors of Giant Yellowknife Gold Mines Limited (No Personal Liability), payable in Canadian funds on January 14th, 1955, to shareholders of record at the close of business on December 15th, 1954.

By Order of the Board.
A. C. CALLOW,
Secretary.

Toronto, Ontario,
October 8th, 1954.

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On October 13th, 1954, a quarterly dividend of Fifty Cents per share in U.S. currency was declared on the no par value shares of this Company, payable December 4th, 1954 to shareholders of record at the close of business October 27th, 1954.

Montreal JAMES A. DULLEA
October 13, 1954 Secretary

Gold & Dross

By W. P. Snead

Bellekeno

I HOLD *a considerable amount of Bellekeno purchased in 1952 for 42 cents a share. The present market is about 6 cents. Is there any possibility of a recovery or should I sell and take the loss?—C. R. K., Toronto.*

The annual report of this company tells the story of why the stock is at its present low level. During 1953 the metal content of ore shipments totalled 219,006 ounces of silver and 1,139,074 pounds of lead. A gross revenue of $229,600 was obtained from this production; operating expenses were shown at $325,640, providing an operating loss of $96,040 for the year.

Reports for the first part of this year indicate operations are proceeding at about the same level, and although the price of lead has improved somewhat, it seems doubtful whether an operating profit can be shown for this year.

Without a considerable increase in the price of lead—a slim possibility—about the only hope for the operation lies in developing richer grades of ore or making an appreciable cut in operating costs.

Considering the fact that you have lost almost all of the capital you have placed in this venture, you might as well "hope it out".

Calgary & Edmonton

I HOLD *shares in the Calgary & Edmonton Corporation that I purchased last January after reading your recommendation of this stock. As I now have a gain of three points over my purchase price of 11, I am wondering whether I should take my profit or continue to hold.—P. C., Winnipeg.*

The pattern traced across our chart by the movements of this stock shows that the long recovery from the 1953 low of 7½ can continue for quite some distance.

The company is one of the oldest in the west. Its landholdings date back to the land grants, surface and mineral, that were given to aid the construction of the Calgary and Edmonton Railway. The present company dates from 1929. It holds the mineral rights to approximately 1.1 million acres of land and in addition has acquired interests in a considerable amount of other acreage. Besides leasing these holdings on a rental and royalty basis, the company has been active in exploration and development work.

Interest in the stock of late has been

stimulated by two factors. One is the appearance of the annual report, which shows that production revenue increased from $1,186,511 of 1951 to $1,551,241. Earnings per share increased from 19 cents to 28 cents and working capital advanced from $1,427,762 to $1,890,800.

The other factor has been the progress made towards getting a start on the Trans Canada Pipeline project to deliver gas to eastern Canada. The company holds a large acreage in the Pincher Creek area, one of the largest fields in the west, and should benefit considerably from the production of this gas and the gas held in the Didsbury area north of Calgary.

The rise to 14 has brought the stock into position to challenge the 1953 high of 14¾ and if further buying carries the price through this point and the layer of supply near 16, it seems possible that a test of the 1952 high of 19 would be made.

Peter-Rock

CAN YOU *tell me the prospects of the Peter-Rock Mining Co.? — G. V., Ajax, Ont.*

As a recently formed company with intentions of exploring for uranium in the Blind River district, its prospects are undefinable until some drilling is done on the claims held. The purchase of such shares must be considered as a sheer gamble for the money raised will be expended on the *hopes* of finding commercial ore.

Hoyle Mining

I WOULD *appreciate your opinion of Hoyle Mining Company at the present price of $2.15 per share.—V. F., Nelson, BC.*

Since the original gold property in the Porcupine area was shut down in 1949, Hoyle has acted as an exploration, development and financing company for Ventures, which holds a 90.9 per cent interest in the company. Of the active companies in which an interest is held by Hoyle, the most interesting are Opemiska Copper (2,310,546 shares), Ontario Pyrites (1,115,330 shares) and Consolidated Mosher (462,070 shares).

At June 30, it was reported that the marketable securities held by the company had a value of $6,934,000, equal to approximately $3.60 for each Hoyle share. These included 5,390 shares of Falconbridge and 3,049 shares of Frobisher.

It is customary for the shares of holding companies to sell at a considerable discount from the market value of the portfolio. Due to the present level of the market prices of the key stocks in the portfolio and the very limited public interest in the company, there appears to be little possibility of short-term market

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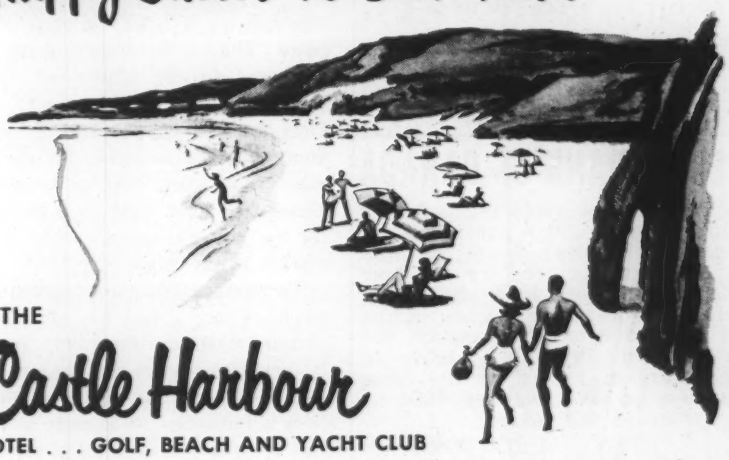

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IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

Notice is hereby given that a bonus of Thirty Cents (30c) per share on the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the year ending 30th October, 1954, payable at the Head Office and Branches of the Bank on and after Wednesday, the First day of December, 1954, to shareholders of record at the close of business on 30th October, 1954.

By Order of the Board.

JOHN S. PROCTOR,
General Manager.

Toronto, 13th October, 1954.

McCOLL-FRONTENAC OIL COMPANY LIMITED

COMMON STOCK DIVIDEND No. 63

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend of 25 cents per share has been declared on the no par value common stock of McColl-Frontenac Oil Company Limited for the quarter ending September 30, 1954 payable November 30, 1954 to shareholders of record at the close of business on October 30, 1954.

By Order of the Board.

FRED HUNT, F.C.I.S.,
Secretary.

appreciation in the price of Hoyle. Judging by the chart pattern, a move to around $2.50 is possible, but a retreat into the $1.50-1.70 level could just as easily be forced in the event of a general market decline.

As Ventures holds the majority of the stock, it would appear better tactics to take a position in the top company, where at least a 30-cent dividend is at present being paid and a much broader participation in such companies as Falconbridge and Frobisher can be obtained. Ventures would seem an attractive purchase in the event of a decline in the price to around 14.

Lake Lingman

WHAT IS *your opinion of Lake Lingman Gold Mines? In 1949 I paid 52 cents a share. Should I buy more to average down and hold for a long pull or has this company any future prospects? What has sparked the trading in the stock that moved it up to 20 cents recently?—J. R. W., Vancouver.*

After lying dormant for some time, this company has acquired a uranium prospect of 15 claims in the Beaverlodge area. No exploration results have been released to date, so it can be assumed that nothing of great merit has been discovered.

The share capital was increased from 3 to 5 million early this year and an underwriting agreement, to provide some finances for the badly depleted treasury, was made on August 30. The underwriting was for 300,000 shares at 10 cents and an additional 700,000 shares were optioned on a scale between 15 and 30 cents. The recent market activity can be attributed to the efforts of the underwriters to market this stock. Unless a fair amount is distributed, very little money will be available for the necessary exploration work; and, of course, without good drill hole news it will be difficult for the underwriters to make much of a market in the stock.

To average down on highly speculative stocks, where a loss has already been incurred, is almost invariably poor tactics. It merely increases the amount of money at risk, but not the quality of the risk.

It is far better to attempt to recoup the loss by taking a position in another, more active issue.

Rayrock Mines

I BOUGHT *1,000 shares of Rayrock Mines at 95 cents. Would you give me your opinion on the future of this stock? Would you advise holding these shares or selling them now at a small profit?—P. R. S., Toronto.*

Rayrock is a purely speculative proposition. The company came into being as a reorganization of the old American Yellowknife Mines on the basis of one new for four old shares. A succession of options, first on a scale from 40 cents to 70 cents and, lately, in blocks of 200,000 shares on a scale from $1.00 to $2.50, has been one of the factors in stirring up market interest in the stock, with the underwriters "making a market" to distribute the shares.

The other factor has been the drill hole news released from the uranium property in the Marian River area. While this drilling has shown some good results so far, it is much too early for anyone to say whether a commercial ore body can be developed.

The best measure of stocks of this type is their market action. The rise from 40 cents to $1.28 has been practically in a straight line, and since it reached that point on October 2, it has dropped back sharply to 95, rallied briefly to 118 and at the time of writing has fallen back to 1.03. From this pattern it appears that distribution is in command of the market and profits should be taken on every rally.

Canadian Eagle Oil

The Canadian Eagle Oil referred to in the issue of Oct. 16 had no connection with the Canadian Eagle Oil Co., Ltd., that is listed on the London (England) Stock Exchange but not on any Canadian Exchange.

The company we discussed was wound up some time ago, while the active company reported a net profit of £6,781,330 sterling for 1953.

In Brief

I WOULD *like your advice on Shawkey Gold Mines. What is the future of this company? I would like to buy some. —P. S., Hope, BC.*

Why?

WHAT *would you do with shares of Bunker Hill?—D. W. W., Goderich, Ont.*

Sell them.

CAN YOU *give me any information regarding Aconda Mines?—W. A. A., Ottawa.*

Dead.

WOULD YOU *recommend the purchase of Lake Superior Iron? — C. W. M., Toronto.*

Who, me?

WHAT IS *your opinion of Bidgood Kirkland?—J. R. C., St. Lambert, Que.*

No bid.

I HAVE *been advised to buy Ankeno. What do you think?—W. C. M., Kitimat, BC.*

I wouldn't.

Insurance

Around the House

By William Sclater

SINCE TELEVISION arrived, the status of the aerial in relation to fire insurance policies on private dwellings is a subject of interest to many homeowners. Several correspondents have asked what kind of policy is needed in case a home catches fire through lightning coming down the television aerial and lead-in to the house.

There have been many rumors of this happening, but we know of no actual cases. In any case your fire insurance policy will protect you against loss by fire. To be properly protected you should, of course, have the Supplemental Contract to your Fire policy in effect on both your dwelling and furniture policies. It costs only five cents per $100 of insurance and gives protection against windstorm, water escape damage, impact by vehicle, lightning, smoke damage, hail, riot and civil commotion and other hazards.

It is through the Supplemental Contract that you are protected in the event your television aerial blows down. Most companies allow the inclusion of television and radio aerials under the household furniture or contents insurance, providing the antennae are attached to the building. If, however, the aerial is separate it must be covered as a separate item. In order to get reception, many television aerials in low-lying areas are mounted on high wooden poles, like telephone poles. These must naturally be rated, for insurance purposes, on the type of construction.

In tenant-occupied houses or apartments on a rental basis, a television aerial might be part of the building and not covered by the insurance on the contents. In these circumstances, the television aerial is usually the responsibility of the landlord, to be insured as a separate item.

What kind of insurance is needed to protect the television set?

If you have burglary protection on your home, it will be protected under that policy and it will also be protected against fire under your household furniture policy. If you want something special, however, like an all-risks policy that will protect it against practically everything but wear and tear, there are all-risk TV policies on the market. They are similar to the floater policies sold on camera equipment and other expensive items.

One correspondent asks if she takes

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out fire insurance policies with two companies for $10,000 each and her home is valued at $17,500, will she collect $20,000 in the event of a total loss by fire?

She may collect a visit from the Fire Marshal if she persists along these lines. You are not permitted to take out Fire insurance for profit. Each company would pay her $8,750 for a combined total of $17,500, the value of the house if there were a total loss.

This raises an interesting point that is worth noting. She may have paid $20,000 for her home a few years ago. Depreciation has reduced its actual value to $17,500 today. To replace this home at today's prices would probably call for $25,000. If she puts a replacement cost endorsement on her policy and carries insurance up to 80 per cent of the replacement value, she will be covered for the full amount.

The importance of the Supplemental Contract and Windstorm insurance cannot be overemphasized these days. Many people in Vermont, New Hampshire and other New England areas who did not believe it could happen there have learned a very different lesson from recent hurricanes. Unfortunately, millions of dollars of the losses will have to be met from personal savings or credit, as many were not insured against this contingency. In Canada the loss of millions of dollars in Ontario has shown that the same thing can happen here when the wind and flood cut a wide swath of destruction.

Auto Collision

Another reader wants to know what happens when his wife drives his car through the end of his garage. Does his auto insurance meet the cost?

His auto collision insurance, less any deductible he may have, will meet the repairs to the car, but we do not know of any insurance under which he can collect for the damage to the garage, not when his wife, he himself or any member of his family causes it.

If his best friend's wife drove his best friend's car through the end of his garage, he could collect under the impact-by-vehicle clause of his Supplemental Fire Insurance contract for the damage to the garage. His own family is excluded.

A Brantford reader writes to ask how his insurance covers him if his car is damaged by a hit-and-run driver while it is parked at a city meter. The answer is that his auto collision insurance will meet his bill, less any deductible he may have. If, of course, he can ever identify the driver or the car responsible, full damages can be recovered. It often happens that people who see such an incident telephone the police and give the number of the offending car, a good practice, as such drivers are a menace to all who drive cars and should be dealt with severely.

women

Courtesy of The Wool Bureau of Canada, by Ken Bell

THIS DAYTIME DRESS *is an adaptation in grey imported wool jacquard jersey of an original design by Pertegaz of Madrid. An unusual feature is that the bloused-back bodice, the sleeves and the wool fringed collar are all cut from one piece. The original was purchased by the T. Eaton Company and the copy, by Star Dress of Toronto, is available ($39.95) in all Eaton stores from coast to coast, including Vancouver. For further Vancouver fashions, turn to the following page.*

Conversation Pieces:

MAYBE there have been too many sensational jackpot winnings. At any rate, there are signs that the mood of the beneficiaries is beginning to change. For instance, when bellhop Alec Savage of Vancouver won a $15,000 house in the Pacific National Exhibition, he promptly sent the refrigerator and television set to his mother in Winnipeg, then announced that anyone could have his prize for $9,000, or best offer, plus the headache of buying a lot and having the trophy moved.

The response of Mrs. Edith Needham, winner of a New South Wales State lottery, was even less enthusiastic. When fate tipped her cornucopia into Mrs. Needham's lap, the Sydney housewife was in despair. "I don't want a house," she wailed. "I don't want a car or a refrigerator. I don't want $6,000." All Mrs. Needham wanted was her old kitchen table. When the news of her unexpected fortune arrived, she sat down at it and had a good cry.

Incidentally, the future will hold no transportation problems for new home-owners, including winners of new homes won in national lotteries. According to Designer Igor Sikorsky, future homes, built from light portable plastic materials, will be transplanted by giant helicopters, which will set them down on the selected site with no more trouble than it takes to ease a light soufflé from the oven to the dining-room table. The owner's sole responsibility after that will be to connect the plumbing and electric or electronic equipment and move in.

CONGRATULATIONS to Miss Elizabeth MacCallum, new Canadian *Chargé d'Affaires* at Beirut, Lebanon. Miss MacCallum is the first Canadian woman to receive such an appointment under the Department of External Affairs. Incidentally, she and Mayor Charlotte Whitton of Ottawa were fellow-classmates at Queen's University, where they were rivals for most of the available scholarships. They took most of the scholarships between them, and usually from each other.

Parfumeurs, always alert to the perversities of feminine psychology, have come to the conclusion that the trend is away from perfumes with over-provocative names. M. Roland Haumont, Canadian representative of a famous French perfumery, recently discovered, for instance, that the sale of "My Sin" fell off sharply during Lent, leaving "Sweet Pea" and the reliable Chanel No. 5 to take advantage of the seasonal slump. Maybe we are all sobering up.

YOU WILL SOON be able to buy pre-baked frozen pancakes at chain stores. They come four for ten cents and can be heated up on an electric toaster. No doubt they will be served with frozen maple syrup defrosted over the electric grill. We are only moderately impressed by these aids to gracious living. We aren't greatly tempted either by a new disposable plastic mouse-trap. (As it happens, we have a much better mouse-trap, a tidy, vigilant and non-disposable housecat named Minnie.) On the other hand we are prepared to invest in a new jam-proof zipper fastener, which operates automatically to clear the track of doubled-back seams, entangling threads, and, as sometimes happens, snagged human flesh.

OUR FAVORITE desk mottoes are the ones that a friend of ours had privately printed for his own inspiration. One of them says THIMK! and the other says SNILE!

Fashion

Shopping in Vancouver

By Margaret Ness

THIS is the season of the cocktail and the formal gown, of sumptuous fabrics and a pageantry of color. This month, SATURDAY NIGHT takes a look at a few of the "caviar" costumes—as well as a glance at the classics—in a tour of Vancouver's fashion shopping centres.

At Mallek's are some of the smart cocktail dresses I saw in New York in Ceil Chapman's Fall and Winter collection. I particularly like her black taffeta "Penguin Peplum" sheath, with its red-lined peplum swooping to the hem at the back, but cut away in front to show the straight, tight skirt, and then air-lifted by rows of nylon frills.

Wool Bureau, by Ken Bell

WHITE *wool jersey blouse, with a "Bateau" neckline, by Miss Sun Valley of Toronto. Available at Hudson's Bay, about $12.95.*

The Mirror Room of Hudson's Bay has an adaptation of a Givenchy model ($149.50) in silver *peau de soie*, with floating side panels and with a look-again neckline that is hand-embroidered with opalescent sequins.

Woodward's features a youthful cocktail dress in the two-fabric contrast that is a major fashion note. The softly moulded sheath uses dull black tissue crêpe for the skirt and bodice back, highlighted by a glinting taffeta bow that cascades down one side and with the front bodice made into a deftly draped matching bow. This is an import ($75) from Dorothy O'Hara of California—proof, if there need be any, that California does export more than dazzling sportswear and Cole of California bathing suits.

Eaton's has arranged for adaptations, by Star Dress of Toronto, of four European originals. These will be available in all Eaton stores, including Vancouver. A photograph of one of these models (from a Spanish designer) is on page 31.

The other copies include two Christian Dior designs. One is a French sheer wool afternoon dress; the other is a tweed, also for afternoon, in the now famous H-line. The fourth copy is from a Jacques Fath model, a sheer wool cocktail frock.

Adaptations seems to be popular everywhere. From London, England, via Dior's salon, comes a coat-and-dress ensemble ($298.50) to Hudson's Bay. Dress and coat are in a hand-woven ruby tweed. A formal accent is the exaggerated black velvet shawl-collar of the coat and the black velvet belt and neckline of the dress.

People in the cinema are always influencing fashion. Marlene Dietrich and Greta Garbo made slacks for women acceptable as everyday and street wear (acceptable but not always wise). Joan Crawford and designer Adrian led us into an era of wide-padded shoulders. Dancer Irene Castle set a new and daring style when she bobbed her hair.

Now, Audrey Hepburn seems to be influencing fashions both in hair and clothes. I would never have believed it a few years ago, when I met her backstage in her New York dressing-room during the run of *Gigi*, in which, wearing a drab middy-type costume, she played a 16-year-old. But since then she has become a movie star and her scraggy haircut, fashionably referred to as "The Italian cut", is just now on the wane in favor of longer hair. But the neckline of a costume she wears in *Sabrina* is rapidly putting last season's "Bateau" neckline into this season's front news. A *Bateau*, in case you have forgotten, is a boat, and the neckline scoops from shoulder to shoulder.

Hudson's Bay has this newly-popular fashion in a white wool jersey blouse (see photograph at left). The neckline is accented by a lace-type braid, which is also inserted in the three-quarter-length sleeves. Actually, the sleeves are reminiscent of those of the blouses worn at the turn of the century and showing up in pictures in the family album.

FORMAL *sheath in ice blue French lace. The new "modesty" neckline is achieved by softly-draped chiffon. The back-sweeping peau de soie "Swan" flare gives a crisp touch. Matching gauntlets complete the outfit. At Mallek's, about $135.*

In a previous report on the New York collections, I mentioned the revival of interest in crêpe, after a ten-year absence, as a popular fabric. It does seem ideal for the prevailing slim-but-soft styles. Woodward's has an imported black wool crêpe ($55) in an odd and striking combination of the classic shirtwaist (bodice and narrow front panel from neckline to hem) and a sunburst pleated hipline, with a knife-pleated floating panel in the back.

And finally, not to overlook sportswear completely, there are jumpers. They seem to be rapidly moving up to rival the blouse and skirt in popularity. For one thing, they combine a fashion life of ease and comfort within a wide range of styles and materials. Eaton's Sportswear Department includes every type ($12.95 to $25), from a timeless button-front version to a more formal Empire silhouette that, sleeveless and with a modest-but-low neckline, can be worn with or without a blouse.

AT THE BALL: *members of the National Ballet company, l to r, Colleen Kenney, Lois Smith, Irene Apiné and Lillian Jarvis.*

"Night in Nassau" Ball

in aid of the National Ballet Company of Canada arranged by the Women's Committee, Toronto Branch

NASSAU MOOD: *Mr. and Mrs. John Band, Mrs. E. J. Watkins, co-convenor of entertainment and Mr. Watkins.*

Photos: Ashley & Crippen

ANOTHER GROUP *at the Ball: l to r, Mrs. Max Haas, President of the Women's Committee, Mrs. Harold Firstbrook, treasurer, Mr. Haas, Celia Franca, the Ballet's artistic director, and Mrs. Charles J. Robson.*

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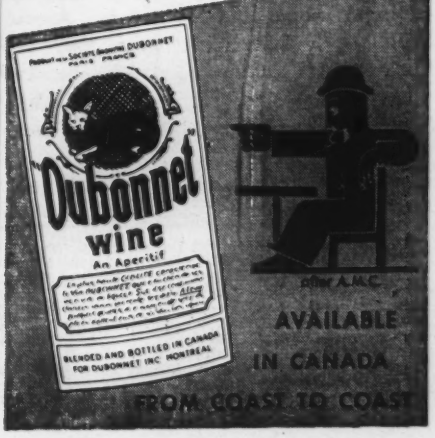

Letters

Titles and Openings

IT HAS been announced that Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery is to officiate at the formal opening of this year's Royal Winter Fair. Previously, he performed the same duty at the Canadian National Exhibition—which this year was opened by English royalty. It seems that whenever Canadians want to arrange an impressive "opening", they must always get an Englishman or an American to add glamour or dignity or what-have-you to the event . . . It is significant that Canadians ignore Canadians—except, possibly for the present Governor General, and even in his case it is the title, not the man, that impresses his fellow citizens. This is merely another example of the national inferiority complex that afflicts Canadians, who prate about democracy and equality and yet scrape the ground at the approach of a title . . .

Ottawa T. B. CONNELLY

Value of Education

MRS. FARRER'S letter (September 25) is the sort of thing that makes good teachers grow grey and leave the profession, and embarrasses parents who know something about teaching and appreciate the difficulties. . .

During all the current furor about education scarcely anyone has thought to ask what happens to the thousands of good students who do emerge fairly well educated from our much-publicized educational chaos. Are they appreciated by an older generation supposedly better able to read, write, and think? Do you see employers rushing forth to offer highly paid positions to top students able to spell conventionally and write coherently? Why have so many of our best Arts graduates left for positions in American universities? Is it any wonder that intelligent youngsters learn to despise scholastic achievements when they see their friends getting good jobs because they can play golf or drink socially while the "swats" scrape together a bare livelihood or go into exile? . . .

Why not press for more illustrated good children's books (subsidized if necessary) instead of merely demanding the removal of all illustrated bad ones? That way we can perhaps avoid the hideous possibility of the ultimate destruction in this country of all controversial adult literature as well, by well-meaning but uneducated censors with unlimited power.

Winnipeg (MRS.) MARY PAYNE

Rights and Duties

DURING RECENT weeks there have been high-pressure appeals for charitable purposes—Red Feather campaigns and what not. At the same time there have been increased demands for more public services, like compulsory health insurance. There is a natural confusion, because people are confused in their thinking; they want to eat their cake and have it, too.

We must make up our minds what we want: care of the sick, the aged, the impoverished by the state, with funds drawn from taxation (which is undoubtedly the only equitable way of doing it) or care by private institutions and charities, with the more warm-hearted people continually being hounded for donations—which is the inequitable way . . .

People are confused, too, about rights. No one has a right to such things as health, work and happiness. They have only, as human beings, a right to the opportunity to get these things for themselves. But they can decide that they have a *duty* to help each other to obtain health and other things, in which case it becomes a function of the impersonal state . . .

Halifax JOHN D. MULQUEEN

Of Many Things

SINCE Philip De Santis has nominated Dr. Frederick Banting as the greatest Canadian, may I nominate another of the four co-discoverers of insulin who shared with Banting, Best and McLeod the Nobel Prize, who has continued his great work for humanity and science up to the present day and is still hard at it—Dr. James Bertram Collip, head of medicine at the University of Western Ontario.

For some reason Canadian papers and periodicals always single out Banting and forget Dr. Collip. . . I hope at least SATURDAY NIGHT will print the name of this great Canadian.

Toronto A. H. PRIEST

I THINK Mr. Garner is most unjust in his TV review when he sneers at Toronto's "Greenwich Village".

This little area (while it may have had some pretty sickening publicity in former years) is one of many little pockets of artistic toleration in all our Canadian centres. I think the CBC is right in so graciously saluting them. They have produced, or at least sheltered, some sorely-needed talents. . .

Toronto KENNETH DAWSON

HOW CAN the CBC maintain its claim to be the one true champion of Canadian artistic talent, when it meekly submits to the dictates of the Musicians' Union in such a fashion that young Canadian performers find it impossible to get work on programs put on by the CBC? . . .

Montreal JAMES BELKNAP

"THE FRONT PAGE" of October 9, contains the inaccurate statement, "It was important news, then, when the Manitoba Government announced that it proposed to set up an independent commission to carry out a redistribution of constituencies before the next provincial election".

Under questioning by Duff Roblin, provincial Conservative leader, at a recent meeting of the Special Select Committee of the Legislature dealing with redistribution, Premier Campbell denied any such intention.

Winnipeg HUGH JOHNSTONE

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The Public Prints

Peterborough Examiner: In the 19th century it was the custom for young Germans who had finished their education, or learned their trade, to go on what they called a Wanderjahr—a year of travel, in which to see something of the world before settling down to work and family life. It is a custom which Canada might embrace in the 20th century. We can send nothing abroad that is more impressive than our young people. They can gain nothing that is of more value to themselves and to Canada than some knowledge of the lands and peoples that lie beyond our shores.

Winnipeg Tribune: As compared with our ancestors, we are thought of as a jittery, fly-off-the-handle crowd, and yet just think of the international incidents we managed to keep calm about that would have sent them into a shooting war by morning.

Chicago Tribune: The National Chiropractic Association warns against "television squat", consisting of sitting cross-legged on the floor and goggling at the box. It is feared that this position may injure countless children by straining their ankles, knees and backs. As chiropractors find it impractical to knead the skull they do not warn against the content on the screen. We suppose that after long exposure the usual recourse is to psychiatry.

Ottawa Journal: Dairy producers in the Ottawa Valley and elsewhere don't need to be told that their costs are high in relation to those in other countries; one reason is that farm labor shortages have made it necessary for farmers to buy expensive machinery. They are not amused by reports which show their prices are down 23 per cent in a year while some farm implement labor threatens to strike for more pay in Ontario factories.

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette: Bureaucratic language has produced many laughs in Washington. One of the latest came with release of the report of the House armed services subcommittee which investigated allegations of "coddling" of professional athletes. A witness was told to read from the army's official form the description of the civilian occupation of pitcher Dick Brodowski (Boston Red Sox). Here's what was written on the form: "Baseball player, amusement and recreation, played pitcher's position on major league baseball team, threw baseballs to opposing batters, fielded batted balls."

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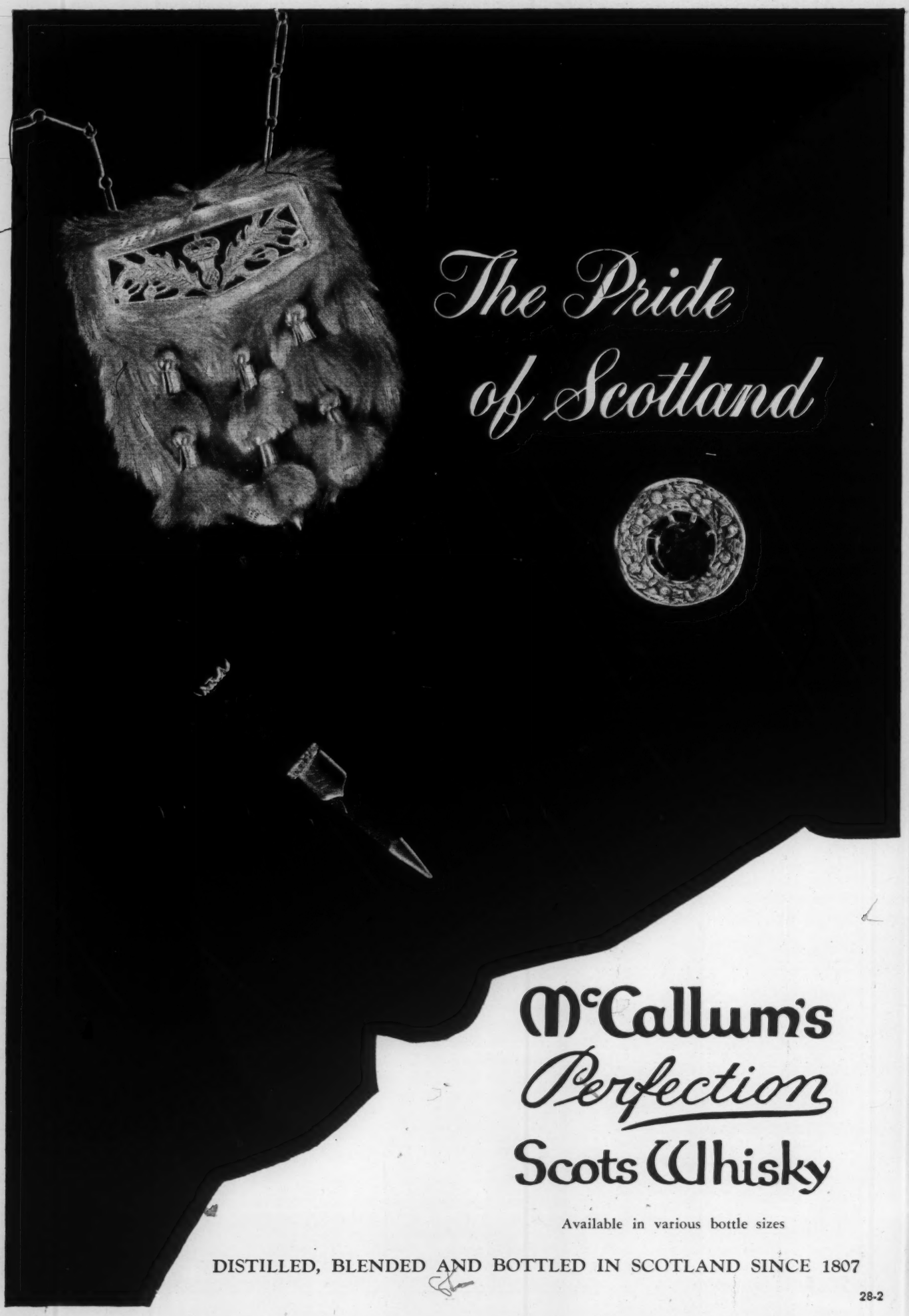
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